

AUSTRALIA
IN
PEACE
AND
WAR

BY

W. M. FLEMING



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AUSTRALIA IN PEACE AND WAR

Presbyterian Ladies' College
Pyrmont
Sydney
Teacher Miss Grace Stafford
City. Sydney.
1916, 1917, 1918.

Culist To-day!

Why do you wairing stand?
To your our heroes grand! Do
not delay!
How is the time to go!
Crush the vile Vandals now!

Culist To-day

2. Son of Australia free Britian
I had need of thee. Answer the call
Comrades are calling you "Save the
red, white & blue." It must not fail.

3. Brothers by farman claim, leagues
o'er the rolling main you must
wolve the cause be fight! we but
mantain the Right - 'tis sad

4. Gods earth is filled with woe
He watches us below & shapes
Fear not to die God's help is ever high
His laws defend

5. Dealt comelt soon or late - 'tis but each
mortals fate, Dealt is but sleep
Life is as flanght to Time

6. Mortality sublimis be must all leap
brothers & wives bid grace when their
dear Soulders leave - yet they must

7. Let nothing keep you here,
Oh Körnig it cosa you dear!
part

Sacrifice all
God we beseech you will even
through you fought & fell:
To rise we face

g. To die do British Cân. Do Jædach! Hæo! Hæo!
God's earth is full but bœ, Go sons of Britain go! - for thou dost
affo stong yordstep is fraw, Britain haens fas - She will say
to her folk over your land! Then give a keepen' hand -
bliss today.

The straight tip -
It seems that war and peace
Are very nearly the same
And in the end the helter skelter
Is the side that "plays" the game.
A man can whin to break the rules
of arms and anglo-noris. Take
the cannon back for, his steel
all bullets burst go straight
So with this awful war we see
The two opposing schools
For which Britain rules the waves
The Aussies carries the rules



W. W. Henry

AUSTRALIA IN PEACE AND WAR

BY
W. M. FLEMING,

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
Sir JOHN FORREST, P.C., G.C.M.G.,
LL.D., M.H.R., etc.

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The back side of 15 Picture 30th Jan
1915

I will tell a tale about the war
And this is what I should say
When you give a cheer for the boys who
Leave home for the boys who stay.

There are mothers here with an only son
Mothers who burst into weep
And there's many a boy who is here
Because there's a mother to keep
But 'tis brave to fight for our men to
And we cheer them on our way
For giving the ones who longed to go
whose duty has bidden stay

Tis a gallant thing with your kh
To march in a gallant band
But 'tis just as brave to stay at home
And work out a quiet land

Tis an honest stand for an honest man
To strike for his king a fellow
Tis as plucky a thing to stay at
Home the rest of the fellows go

So when you cheer for our darling
Who are off to the war today
Give me for the lads who would
But whose duty has bidden

Figs

INTRODUCTION

It is pleasant to know that in the midst of a strenuous life, added to by responsible Legislative duties, the Author has found time to give us some of his inner thoughts in verse, and has thus, I think without intending to do so, allowed us a peep into his own ideals and aspirations.

The prevailing sentiment to be found in these fitful outbursts, which have been to me very pleasant reading, is the love of Nature and the forest primeval, indicative of a contemplative mind.

In small insular countries like the Motherland, "the call of the wild" is necessarily to the sea, while in Australia, with its immense area of several million square miles, the call of the wild is to the "Backblocks," the little-known interior, "that wild dreamland termed the bush," far away from conventionalities and even from civilization.

This feeling has no doubt often influenced Australian writers and poets to found their scenes and incidents far away from the usual haunts of men. The bush is attractive to the young Australian, who longs to see the land as it was before the transforming hand of the white man had done its materialistic

INTRODUCTION

work. Our author evidences that feeling with fine effect, as he takes us "Away out west where the stations lie," and "Glories to ride in the boundless west," and, finally, he inspires us with good hope for "The noble days that are to be."

JOHN FORREST.

The Bungalow,
Perth, West Australia, 1916.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THE usual acknowledgments are hereby made to the following publications in which, from time to time, many of these verses have been printed. The names of the publications are given in order as the number of pieces have appeared in them:—*The Sydney Mail, Sydney Morning Herald, The Australasian, Pastoralists' Review, Bulletin, Sydney Stock and Station Journal, Sydney Daily Telegraph, Melbourne Argus, Red Funnel Magazine, and United Empire.*

The Bulletin requests that those pieces which have appeared in its columns should be specified. They are: “The Drover,” “A Song of Freedom,” “Nature,” and “The Strength of Life.”

W. M. F.

By Ella McFadyen.

A.N.Z.A.C.

Angae, fair letters like the five bright stars
Above the troubled destinies, sublime —

The sacred names wherein two proud Romans
Are linked in bridal to the end of time.

Neither shall envious malice tarnish it,
Nor short o'eray it, nor with Judas'-Pass
False peace, the traitor, with the tongue of guile
And honeyed lips, divorce our souls from the

Emilt and glory of the haggard years
That have so filled our homes with death & loss
And the wan cupple and the widowed wife —

Angae ! Free stars ! And of those stars a cross
Again bears sprouting to the slopes
Of that death's vineyard of Gallipoli
And yet, inciting for our faithful dead,

Pleasure and plots carouse gloriously
Our axes of death's hard Gaels and Company,
By this which ye achieved first blood outshone
Thy nations' soul shall live. Her daughters pray
"C'en in this name forgive our people, Lord!"

AUSTRALIA IN PEACE AND WAR

THE GUM LEAF

By WALTER R. DIBBS.

Who sent me this gum leaf I never may know,
But 'twas someone who thought I loved it also;
And again I can see, though far o'er the seas,
The shimmering leaves of the stately gum trees
For the homeland of both before me doth rise,
For which I am fighting 'neath alien skies,
And thy gift on my heart for ever shall lie,
That grew in the country for which I would
die.

O H, land of my birth! I knew not I loved thee
Till between us had rolled the waves of the sea
And distance and danger endears thee but
more

To the one that knew not it loved thee
before.

As a message to me this leaf of gum tree
And beat of my pulse tells me where I
would be
Till in fancy there comes in the trees of
The quins

A coo-ee from homeland; where
dwell my loved ones.

TO MY READERS

BY hill and plain I've wandered—wide were the ways and long—
And days and nights I've squandered in hark'ning unto song.
For all the world is ringing for hearts with youth aglow,
And all the world is singing if we would only know.

Oh! all the world is singing, but we are slow to hear
The music that is bringing the Great Eternal near,
The music that is bearing the world upon its way,
The music of the universe, To-day and Yesterday.

But this the gods have given the poet's mind to see
That men are ever driven to take the things that be;
To take them and to mould them in reverence, or in fear,
And only strive to hold them if we shall find them dear.

And if we learn in moulding that they are more than we
We surely are but holding what gifts of God should be.
But be we strong or puny, so they are great or small,
The spirit of the user makes the merit of them all.

TO MY READERS

The song is for the singer, the singer for the song,
And time is still the bringer of things both right and
wrong;
For we may have the choosing in some uncertain
way,
But taking or refusing is not by yea or nay.

The dreamer has his dreams to give, the toiler has
his toil,
And if they one or both shall live is given to the soil;
Though some see but the sowing and some the har-
vest reap,
Time ever maketh judgment, and we—we fall asleep.

So these I have to offer; and as the years go by,
The verses that I proffer may live with you or die,
But I have had the singing, and now the song is
thine,
The pleasure of the bringing forevermore is mine.

OUR FATHER'S TRUST

YOU who were hungered and held your hold,
 You who were tireless and strong and bold,
 Hearts that never have quailed;
Here is a toast to you, all of you;
A word by the way for the fighters who
 Fought, nor in fighting failed.

The ships stood out towards the sea with empty hull
 and hold,
With anxious eyes men watched them go from
 headlands, clear and bold,
All fearful of the days to be, lest hungry babes
 should cry,
And Famine, stalking o'er the land, should see the
 strongest die;
They turned them to their work again, to flog the
 branded ones
Who toiled beneath the shadow of the Empire's dis-
 tant guns,
Who toiled beneath the goading of the gallows and
 the whip,
With hot hate held in every heart, and curses on
 each lip.
But through the curses of their hate the heroes,
 'mid their fears,
Could hear the Song of Empire ever ringing in their
 ears.
They turned their faces to the west, the mountains
 held them there;

They turned their faces to the east, the sea gave
back despair;
They turned their faces to their toil, and saw what
none may tell;
They turned their faces to the flag, and knew that
all was well.
For work was there, the Empire's work, the wide
world-work begun,
And none must shrink nor falter till the world-wide
work is done.
Let hunger gnaw by night and day, let famine
claim her own,
The hearts that hold the Empire's trust live not by
bread alone.
And those who manned the Outmost Post, the land
of unknown ways,
Whose beauty and whose wondrous wealth were hid
in summer's haze;
Whose cheerless birds and beasts were strange with
ways grotesque and wild,
The Southern Queen of regal brow, who smote them
while she smiled,
Had laid rough hands upon her breast, beside the
beauteous sea,
And looked into her silent face to see what there
might be.
But since they wooed in brutal way, this graceful
Southern Queen,
She gave them of her bitter scorn, where love might
well have been.
Now those who wooed must show their worth, and
prove their power to hold
Their right to win her hidden wealth, her pastures
and her gold.
She bade them win her if they might, and claim her
if they could,
Before the peoples of the world in all her scorn she
stood.

"Lo! I shall rid me of you all, and to the past return,
For I am harsh with drought," she spake, "and
strong am I to burn,
And I shall rid me of you all, unless your hearts
be true.
Yea! I shall prove you to the core, 'ere I shall yield
to you."
With fearless heart and high resolve those hardy
heroes heard,
They gazed upon the queenly face, and took her at
her word.
Awhile they stood upon her cliffs and watched their
ships go out,
Then turned to take their burden up and face their
days of drought,
Their days of hunger and of want, their days of
thirst and heat,
When men would gladly die like dogs, if dying they
might eat.
Through hungry days and bitter days they held
them to their work,
They fought as ever men must fight, with death to
those who shirk,
And we who see with anchors slipped, and sea-
stained sheets close furled,
Beside the city beautiful, the wealth of all the world,
Who gaze upon the garnered spoil of mountain,
field, and mine,
Who know the bleat of endless flocks, and love the
low of kine;
Ay! we who live in plenteous peace, beside a smiling
sea;
To whom, still in our day of youth, the whole wide
world is free,
To whom the bridle-rein is life, to whom the future
cries
With clarion call that stirs the blood, and bids
ambition rise,

May spare a moment in our day, to frame a word
of praise
For those who set our star of hope down in the
darker days.

You who are sleeping the dreamless sleep,
Cradled in sand or in sea-weeds deep
 All but your deeds are dust;
We as your sons of the Outpost here
Hold what you left than our lives more dear,
 True to our father's trust.

THE WAY OF MAN

A WAY out west, where the stations lie,
Where brumbies snort and where ibis fly,
They are passing by with a dangling rein,
Their faces turned to the open plain,
With the butha scent in their nostrils strong,
And jests which break through a half-sung song;
And the birds arise to their morning feast,
And the bleat of flocks comes out of the east;
As they breathe the air of delight they ride,
Those mates of mine on the western side.

It is well to live in the manly way
Of those who gaze on the gates of day,
To feel the throb of the waking earth,
To meet the young day at its birth.
As the moon fades back of the waning stars,
And daylight laughs through the clouds' gold bars,
While bit-rings chime through the careless talk.
And stirrups clash as the horses walk,
And Dawn leaps down on an eastern breeze—
Oh! I would that again my paths were these.

Away out west, where the stations lie,
Where wild cats creep and opossums cry,
The long refrain of a plaintive note
Rings full and sweet from a girlish throat;
And it may be, too, that her eyes are wet
With the thoughts of one she will ne'er forget,

As she murmurs thoughts that were wrought in
rhyme

By one who lived in a bygone time,
O, prescient seer, that thy sad refrain
Can stir the ghosts of a bygone pain.

For the world is wide, and a man may range,
And life is written in words of change.
And deep, grey eyes and a marble brow
With tempting lips, will scarce allow
The memory faint of a far-off kiss
To hold the past in the place of this:
A Maid of the West at the homestead gate,
And a lover who comes to know his fate;
Oh the Past may be sweet, but sweeter far
Is a fair girl's love in the Days that ARE.

FOR SAKE OF A KISS

THE clouds lay low amongst the hills,
The creeks ran flood-mark high,
We set our faces to the south,
The chestnut horse and I.

The stars were lost behind the clouds,
The moon was drowned in rain,
The wind swept by with sullen sigh,
And moaned, and wept again.

The wild-duck rose upon our left,
And whistled in their flight.
We felt their terror falling through
The wildness of the night.

We rode by creek, we rode by dam,
We crossed them knee-pad high;
The night was angered as we went,
The chestnut horse and I.

But at the end we won a kiss,
And then we turned again;
We faced the flood, we faced the foam,
We faced the wind-swept rain.

The breath of love was warm upon
Our cheeks as back we rode.
We cared not how the waters foamed;
We recked not how they flowed.

We swam the creek and fought for shore,
And laughed and landed high;
We'd proved our love and won a kiss,
The chestnut horse and I.

BOATING SONG

IN my light canoe,
O'er the waters blue
We merrily glide along;
And we laugh at ease
In the softest breeze,
With a laugh that will linger long,
In my light canoe,
In my sweet canoe,
We call her "The Lover's Song."

In my light canoe
Are the happiest two
That ever the world has seen.
Our lips close meet
With the knowledge sweet
That nothing can come between
In my light canoe;
In my bright canoe,
Where ever our vows have been.

In my light canoe,
O'er the waters blue,
We sail through the gates of eve
As the stars, in doubt,
Peep in and out,
They know what to believe.
In my light canoe,
In my sweet canoe,
A goddess they do perceive.

BOATING SONG

In my light canoe,
Still the happiest two
That ever the Evening saw
As she looks between
The leaves of green
Low whispering on the shore.
In my light canoe,
In my bright canoe,
We, only, for evermore.

MATED

OUR roadway lay by hill and vale,
By cliff and mountain stream;
We watched the sunset fade and fall,
The evening star agleam,
The snaffle chimed our careless way,
The hoofbeats rang as free;
We heard as closed the happy day
Such things as only lovers say,
And drank of joys as lovers may,
In days that used to be.

The days that were and are no more,
The days that used to be,
When all the wide world lay before
The eyes of you and me;
The dear old days, the bygone days,
The days that used to be!

Sweet eyes of innocence and light,
Dear heads of curly hair,
Wee faces that are always bright,
And know no touch of care;
Gay, childish laughter as they go
To gather flower and fern,
And little feet we surely know
Will tire and lag for Mother so,
And wait for Daddy, loit'ring slow,
As homeward they return.

The days that are may not remain
The days of childish glee;
Of hopeful joy and anxious pain
Which come to you and me,
The wider days, the grander days,
That pass so rapidly.

When little heads have older grown,
And learned the world's rough way,
Have seen the evil that men do,
And heard the good they say;
When our life's barque has floated far
Upon the tide of time,
They'll follow still some distant star,
And, looking through the things that are
To far-off gates of hope ajar,
We'll watch them as they climb.

The golden days, the days that are,
The days that used to be,
Are winsome days and happy days;
And yet, for you and me
Most wondrous are the noble days,
The days that are to be.

NATURE

NOW I am Queen of all the world, though men
have many creeds.

I mould the young within the egg. I drink
when life-blood bleeds.

I care for nought in all the world save my restless
will,

And though men pray to all the gods, I give no an-
swer still.

For I am Love and Life and Death and Hate—all
things that be

Are but the creatures of my brain who have their
power from me.

The pleasure that you have I buy with others' bitter
pain,

And when the soul is over-wrought, I turn the scale
again.

I starve the young birds in the nest, I make the aged
die,

I watch the lovers re-create; I watch and what care I?

I teach the savage fearsome things, I take the civi-
lised,

And with a tale of blood and wrath, I hold them
hypnotised.

With strange beliefs and senseless creeds, I hold the
world in fee

That none may learn in bitterness there are no gods
but me.

Yet vile to me and things of scorn are all their wor-
shipings,

Those bestial creatures of the clay who yearn for
angels' wings.
In mockery I bid them pray and hymn they know
not what,
Alike to me are shaven priest and king and drunken
sot.
In mockery I take them all, I bid them live or die,
According to the deeds they do, for Queen of all am I.
In peace I play with pestilence, and when my plea-
sure's o'er,
I call on Greed and Avarice to loose the dogs of war,
To watch them tear the throats of men and feed upon
the blood,
I who am Mother unto all command the fiery flood.
For youth is youth and age is age, and I would have
them both.
I win to ways of bitterness the maiden nothing loth,
I charm the aged to their sin; ay, all the world is
mine.
I trip the priest upon the path and leave him to re-
pine,
For I am Love and Life and Death and Hate, all
things that be,
And men will never look on heaven until they learn
of me.
Until they learn to do my will and follow what I
teach,
For Heaven is Hell, and Hell is Heaven, and either
may be each.
And this I teach to young and old, if young and old
will learn,
The past is mine, the future yours; I pay but what
you earn.

THE STRENGTH OF LIFE

THERE is nothing in life that is worth a wish
but is bought with the price of blood,
Be it crushed from the heart or distilled from
the mind in the marble courts or the mud.
There is never a slave who can bind his soul to the
social creed and its ban,
Who is worth in the time of a strong resolve the curse
or the claim of a man,
For we know that the world is a bitter world, and we
live in the way we know,
And gather the strength of the strongest souls, for
the weak to the wall must go,
And few there are whose philanthropy believes in
that same old wall,
Were it not for the praise of the sons of men those
few were as none at all,
For the strength of life is in bitterness, and weak-
ness lies in love,
And the world weeps well for its kindly souls with
its eye on the few who shove,
And the scornful mind in its scorn is strong, though
that strength may bring self-hate,
And the weakness wrought in its loneliness arrive at
the last too late,
Were it not for the scorn and the satire deep of the
world's keen irony,
A doctor's den of disease and death and a weak-
kneed race were we,

And the fight for self, though it bears its curse, has a
strength that defies defeat,
While the tardy thoughts of benevolence are drowned
in their own dream-sweet.
'Tis the thoughts for self and the fears for self, and
the deeds of a selfish throng,
With the hand of steel and the heart of steel and the
voice that is stern and strong,
That have made the world and the world is made,
and why should we complain?
For it well may be were it once unmade it were re-
made worse again.
And the coward's mind is of all things mean, for 'tis
such that will bring disgrace,
And decline to death in a pallid woe of an erstwhile
virile race.
'Mid the doubts of men and the fears of men, keen-
visaged Intensity,
With a deep-souled eye and a firm-set mouth saith
"Such I say shall be!"
Till the thoughts she thinks with a silent strength
and the acts that the world ne'er saw,
And the deeds that she doth in the midst of death are
the universal law.

GROUNDED

THERE'S a deal of force and flavour in the wrinkles that you know.

There's a heap of your advice that's good and sound,

When the other chap is saddling up an outlaw for a go,

And you're watching the performance from the ground.

You can scorn "top-rails" and "monkeys" with a deprecating sneer,

You can tell him how to sit and hold his hands,
With the further mild suggestion that it's better in the clear,

Where there's room for a "selection" when he lands.

And when things are getting merry you can criticise his style,

While you're more than half-afraid he's got him done,

Till the colt gets fairly going and he shunts him half-a-mile,

And you think he's on a journey to the sun.

And when he slowly rises and he's limping from the yard,

In a sick and sorry, helpless sort of way,
Oh! the spring of subtle satire never falters, never fails,

While you fancy you must have your little say.

And you tell them "All he's showed you any six-year-old could sit,

It's no one but a new chum he could chuck.

The thing was only rooting, he may shake himself
a bit,

But you'll stake your reputation he can't buck.
Till they're nettled at your blowing and they reckon
you can't ride,

You can only sit and talk of how it's done;
You're a noisy sort of wind-bag and you put on
plenty side,

But they'd like to get you up and see the fun.
So you think "he's not worth riding, he's a play-
thing for a boy,"

You've done a deal of riding in your time.
He's not worth your trouble mounting, but you'll
give them bags of joy,

If they only bring you something that can climb.
And they nearly all believe you, but the chap who
got the fall

Has a grudge against your gas that rankles deep;
He reckons it is easy looking on and talking tall,

But he'll swear you only ride them in your sleep.
Then they give you such a doing that you go and
catch the colt,

And tell them just to raise your failing pluck.
He may shake himself a little, he may rear a bit or
bolt,

But you'll lay a level fiver he can't buck.
Then you sneak into the saddle, and you hope it's
not for long,

And suddenly you find he's getting 'round,
And you wonder what has happened till you see
he's going strong,

And you're watching the performance from the
ground.

Then your trouble is upon you, and you hear on
every side

Some cutting observations on your flight,

You're wings have hardly sprouted, you're not fit for
heaven yet:

They'll accommodate you elsewhere, though, all
right.

They want to know the reason, while they watch
you writhe and squirm,

Why you left an old acquaintance like the ground,
It's a friend you can rely on, for its principle is firm,

And your gravitation centre's somewhat round.

You slowly gaze around you in a hopeless, dazzled
way,

And your scattered senses gather, one by one,
Till you feel to see what's broken, if you've met the
Judgment Day,

Or the doctor's bill is only just begun.

Then you leave the outlaw standing in a corner of
the yard,

And slowly creep away to go to bed,

While the watchers crowd around you with congratula-
tions hard

Till you think the colt is bucking in your head.

Then you lie at home and ponder for a day or two
in doubt

If life is worth the trouble of a kick,

Till you find that you're improving, you can rise and
crawl about,

But the mention of a saddle makes you sick.

Then you gather your belongings and you make a
break for town,

When with something warm to drive away the cold,
You're the daddy of all breakers, you were never yet
let down,

And you've ridden every outlaw ever foaled.

THE STOCKMAN'S YARN

THERE'S a strangely fierce excitement in the sound of horses' feet,

A rhythmic flow of feeling in their wild melodious beat,

A surging love of victory which flushes o'er the face,
A manly, strong, intense desire to feel the fire of pace.

You know it not, you city men, who shuffle round the town.

Come! leave your stilted office-stools and close your ledgers down,

The ringing of the music chimed from stirrup, spur and bit

Will rouse your jaded spirits, and we'll show you how to sit.

There are hacks and there are spurters, there are buck-jumpers and all;

There are hunters, racers, hurdlers, short and stocky, lean and tall.

Take that roan there, he is wiry and he'll lead you such a dance;

You will think the very devil's lately wakened from a trance.

Or if you want a fencer, take that black there—
blood and fire—

There's not a fence can stop him, you will find he is a flier.

And the bay is also handy when the timber is about;
He will never bring you down, although he's pretty
rough to clout.

If you look for easy riding in a quiet-fashioned way,
You may take the yard all over and you'll settle on
the grey.

But what's the use of talking to you town men of a
horse?

You wouldn't know old Carbine if you saw him off a
course,

For you look upon a racehorse as a money-moved
machine,

And you think a common hansom good enough for
a "has been."

But we breed the horse we tackle, and we break the
horse we ride,

We you call the "country bumpkins" fresh from up
the Western side.

You may laugh at lack of polish, but you'll find a
blood-red heart

When a man who is a horseman and his fav'rite have
to part,

For together we have travelled from the flush of dawn
to night,

By the stars, in all their silence, and the bush-fires'
lurid light.

We have heard the magpie trill his matin song among
the trees,

We have harkened to the whisper of the scented
evening breeze.

We have felt the fascination when the dew is on the
grass,

And the birds are gaily calling one another as we
pass.

We have settled down across the plain to wheel a
brumby mob,
And where the scrub goes crashing we've been fairly
on the job,
When the hornies gather wildly at the ringing of the
whips,
And the stragglers feel the stinging of the lashes on
their hips.

Till we love the crack of stockwhips and the shimmer
of the silk,
As the cattle love the herbage, as the weaners love
the milk;
When we feel the breezes playing with the tossing
bits of hair,
Oh! the world is wide before us, and the horseman's
life is fair!

Come, city men and stockmen! and I'll tell you all a
tale
Of the breed whose blood is true, lads, of the kind
that cannot fail.
We had gathered in the myalls out behind the Dead
Man scrub,
We had heard moonlighters' whispers and were ready
for a rub.

They had nicked my chestnut three-year-old, a
promising young colt;
I was mounted on his brother, a fair demon at a bolt.
We cut the tracks and picked them up beyond the
beefwood plain,
On through the scrub, across the swamp and through
the scrub again.

We rattled hard along the tracks, until at last we saw
Right straight ahead my chestnut colt—I had no time
for more,

For Thistle took the bit and settled down to make the pace.

And the chap ahead, he saw it, and he settled down to race.

The others tried to follow us, but Thistle went away
With a pace I never reckoned on until I learnt that day.

We broke away from out the scrub—the race had well begun,

When I saw a bright revolver flashing gaily in the sun.

But it's hard to hit your chaser in a race for liberty;
It was but a timely warning of what might have come to me,

So I drew my own revolver. He let blaze again and missed,

And with a lucky aim I fired and broke his pistol-wrist.

And now it settled to a race—a trial of the breed;
I had the best of age and wind, he showed the way for speed.

My mates were toiling on behind; they had no show that day,

When Thistle took the notion he could show them all the way.

We battled at it for a mile, the colt began to fail—
The pluck of horse and rider, lads, is worth a better tale—

For his shattered wrist was hanging limp and bleeding by his side,

But he sat down on the chestnut and he showed me how to ride.

I shouted to him he was done, he might as well give
in,
When the devil turned around and gave a savage
sort of grin;
But he saw the game was up for him, and slowly
pulled his rein,
Then turned his horse and quietly said he'd ride him
back again.

So I bound his broken wrist up, and it's strange such
things can be,
But from that day to this he's been the best of mates
to me.
You can see the two old horses there—the chestnut
and the grey—
But they've never run another race like that they
ran that day.

THE DROVER

WHEN softly the night-dews are falling,
They rob me of rest,
Those voices of cattlemen calling,
Away in the west.
And I rise in my fancy and follow,
By tracks that are worn to a hollow,
The ways I love best.

The sheep which are bleating around me
Are cattle that low;
The fences and lanes which surround me
Are creeks that we know.
For free is the country, and splendid,
With plains that can never be ended,
Where cattlemen go.

The horns of the bullocks are gleaming,
Around in the sun;
The horses are dozing, and dreaming
Of stages we've done.
The herbage is knee-deep beside us,
No cockies to bother and chide us,
'Tis no man's run.

The locusts are chirping a chorus,
From bowers of green,
The country is open before us,
Unbroken and clean.

THE DROVER

Behind us the blue-grass is bending
In far-fading vistas unending,
The track we have been.

And ever where night-dews are falling,
They rob us of rest,
Those voices of cattlemen calling,
Away in the west,
And rising in fancy we follow
By tracks that are worn to a hollow,
The ways we love best.

WHEN DEATH IS UP

HE comes from the land of the silent,
 He crosses the ridges of pain,
He's up on no hack but a thoroughbred
 black

 That snorts at the touch of the rein.
And we who are bred to the saddle
 Take danger as lightly as breath,
But never a horseman among us
 Can ride to the finish with Death.

Comes down through the years of contentment
 A low whispered order, "To horse!"
And someone who hears grown wan with his fears,
 Leads out to the contest perforce.
The onlookers, pitying, watch him
 With wild words that die in the throat,
For fear is on all when Fate gives the call,
 And Death puts his name to the note.

Afar are the judges and stewards,
 And here are no backers to view,
No strains of the band. As we race past the stand,
 The watchers are pale-faced and few.
But filled with a hope that is hopeless,
 We settle to make him the pace.
We ride for the love of existence,
 He rides for the love of the race.

We're riding by gleam of the moonlight,
We're flogging by dawn of the day,
The foam flakes are flying when daylight is dying,
And still we are leading the way,
We stretch through the shadows of sunset,
We strain every sinew and ride,
But useless the task of our striving,
He's gaining a length every stride.

He comes at the stroke of the midnight,
Or just at the dawn of the day;
We enter the straight spread-eagled with weight,
He comes! laughing low on his way.
We tremble to think how he'll catch us,
He comes with the ghost of a laugh,
A mocking that sets us ashudder,
And scatters our science like chaff.

The reins are grown slack in our fingers,
The saddle is loose 'tween our knees,
We reel and we sway till we can't see the way,
We're down on the rails of disease.
The touch of a hand on our shoulder,
A mist floating over the eyes,
A heart that grows suddenly colder,
And death wins the coveted prize.

He comes from the land of the silent,
He crosses the ridges of pain,
He's up on no hack but a thoroughbred black
That snorts at the touch of the rein.
And we who are bred to the saddle,
Take danger as lightly as breath,
But never a horseman among us
Can ride to the finish with Death.

THE HORSEMAN

'T IS sweet when sticks are crashing, and your
horse is going strong,
When the east with youth and glory is
aglow;
How you swing into the measure of some sweet and
tender song
In the love-lines of the men of long ago!
And before your vision rises, 'mid the thunder and
the rush
In the wild and fierce excitement of the chase,
As you take the fallen timber and you sweep aside
the brush,
The outline of a fair and loving face.

And you wonder would she tremble if she saw you
at the game,
Or would she thrill with pleasure and with pride?
Would the danger or the daring be the first impress
that came
As she saw you in that wildly reckless ride?
And your heart beats fast and faster at the fancy,
pleasure-fraught,
And already you can see her happy smile
When she learns that you were leading when the
fastest ones were caught—
That you were in the vanguard all the while.

You rise up in your stirrups and you give a word
of praise

To the horse who takes you gamely through it
all,

For you know each other's courage, and you've
learned each other's ways

In many a stirring chase and smashing fall.

You scarcely move a muscle, but he feels you and
responds,

And takes the treacherous places in his stride,
As you strike away the branches and you sweep
away the fronds

In the glory of the wildness of the ride.

You are wheeling, turning, racing, and he's pulling
on the bit

With a firm and easy pressure that you know
Will respond to every motion, and you're wonder-
ing as you sit

How he knows the way the brumbies mean to go;
For he loves the chase as you do—and you love it
passing well—

And you know he'll triumph with you at the
yard

When you've slipped the rail in safely with another
tale to tell

When the call is for the men who've ridden hard.

When stars are shimmering softly you can hear his
ringing feet

Falling true in perfect cadence every stride,
And you're swaying light and easy with the horse-
man's balanced seat

As you travel fast and true as lovers ride,
Till a pair of eyes beneath you, all bewildered with
your love,

And the pressure of red lips upon your own
Tells the whole wide bush around you and the listen-
ing sky above

The story of a love that's newly shown.

The night winds take the telling, and they bear it
far and wide,
How such love as yours has never been before,
And they listen to it kindly, and they leave you in
your pride,
Though they hear the same by every sea and
shore;
When the time has come for parting, how you
linger 'ere you go,
For the day is long which follows such a night;
But the Cross is dipping downwards through the
timber, and you know
There is work awaits you with the morning
light.

Then a tender word of parting and a pressure of
the lips,
A swift regretful sigh and backward glance,
A message, lightly wafted from her slender finger-
tips,
And you waken from your love-enamoured trance
To find you're heading homeward through the dim
and silent lands
With a feeling that this life is incomplete,
Till your horse breaks to a canter, and your outlook
swift expands
To the rhythm and the cadence of his feet.

PIONEERS

I can hear the black-duck crying down along the
still lagoon,

I can hear the mopokes calling to a cold and
cheerless moon.

I can hear the black swans clang in the distance
of the night,

And the faint, soft-falling whisper of their steady,
westward flight.

All the stilly night is sighing

To the wildfowls' mournful crying,

And the lone Bush Soul is flying through the spaces
far and white.

Where the pioneers have travelled, with their
courage undismayed,

She is looking with a mother-love along the tracks
they made.

It may be she is seeking where her careless sons
have gone,

To hang her choicest garlands their rough resting
place upon.

For she knows, this dauntless mother,

They can never love another

With the love that she wrung from them in the
bitterness of wrong.

For she pampered not nor petted, but she took her
toll of pain,

She flung them up against their fate, and held them
there amain.

She had little room for tenderness, and little time to soothe,
For she hates, as do her reckless sons, the pathways, worn and smooth.
She is cruel, hard, and biting,
She will never stay her smiting.
Till the farthest plain is conquered and the roughest track is smooth.

But she takes raw stuff and moulds it to the shape of finished men,
And each one has the strength of three, the fearlessness of ten;
They live their lives as men may live; they die as earth's sons must;
The desert winds go howling out across their restless dust.

But it may be through the falling
Of the wildfowl's mournful calling
That their spirits still are with us 'in their vigour and their lust.

THE BRUMBY KING

YOU ask me for the thud of hoofs, the pulsing
of the feet,

When the man who is a horseman and the
cleanskins chance to meet.

You ask me for a rhyming of the glory of the chase,
The joyous strength of being when the brumbies
wheel and race.

And you've touched the theme that ever stirs a man
whose heart is true,

And who knows the reckless riding that is ridden by
the few.

With the long day's work behind you and the track
you know so well

Stretched before you, as you ponder o'er the tales
that it could tell;

With the happiness of him who knows true hearts
await him there,

All the world is full of laughter, and the bushman's
life is fair.

With a thought for those who travel and a sigh for
those who roam

It is good in gentle evening to be slowly heading
home.

But with all the lilt of morning and the sweetness of
the eve,
With the wideness of the world before and nought
behind to grieve;
There is nothing that will move you like the know-
ledge there remains
Still another mob of brumbies out beyond the Myall
plains.
There is nothing that can stir the blood and make
the pulses beat
Like the horse of matchless courage and the music
of his feet.

The brumbies heard The Saxon neighing wildly in
his stall,
And they raced like thunder past him while he lis-
tened to them all;
Listened silently and tensely with his head held still
and low,
And we knew that we would lose him if his chance
should come to go,
And it came. Howe'er it happened no one ever
rightly knew,
But the stable door swung open and The Saxon
rattled through.

Not a pause to take his bearings, not a halt to look
behind,
With a neigh of exaltation, he was tearing like the
wind;
Swift and straight as ever arrow sped he galloped,
clean and low,
To the valley where twelve months before he heard
the brumbies go.
He found them and he fought his peers, he took the
mob in charge,
And the news flashed round the camp fires that The
Saxon was at large.

Long days we raced upon his tracks with horses all
a-foam,
And ever rode dejectedly, without him, heading
home.
Long nights we spent at waterholes, and building
secret wings
To trap him, but the fate which guards all wild and
reckless things
Seemed to warn him of our doings, and howe'er we
built and planned,
The Saxon sniffed us from afar and seemed to
understand.

The years went by, his sons grew up and fought
him in their pride
For the right to lead the harem up and down the
Riverside.
And ever did he beat them off and hold his royal
place,
A stallion worthy still to lead the wild, unfettered
race,
Till one there came as game as he and called him
to the fray,
With mind intent on wresting his bold leadership
away.

All day they fought; and in the night Jim Martin,
on the plain,
As he was heading homewards, heard them screaming
in their pain.
And softly as a shadow he drew near and watched
the fight,
While the mob was quietly feeding in the timber
on the right,
And both were worn and bleeding, and they staggered as they fought,
And never were two knights of old with softer
glances sought.

But youth is youth and age is age. The Saxon's strength gave way,
And Martin rose and galloped out to take him as he lay.
He needed now no bit nor bar, Jim Martin touched his head;
The brave old heart was burst at last, the Brumby King was dead.
Then Martin heard the startled mob go racing down the plain,
All but the colt, and in his eyes were fires of fierce disdain.

A moment stood he in his pride, or maybe wild intent,
Tho' stiff and sore with hours of fight and weak with blood mis-spent.
His way was painful, dull and slow, he faltered in his stride,
And there was Martin's chance to take and bring us home in pride
BLUE ROCK; his name had travelled far by many an unfenced run,
And every horseman wanted him, The Saxon's gamest son.

Right soon the tale was flying far, and wide the word was spread,
And many horsemen grieved to hear the Brumby King was dead,
For many men had followed him and never yet was one
Could boast he ever headed him, however hard the run.
But well we knew that he who beat The Saxon on the plain
Would lead us many a gruelling race before he felt the rein.

And now we named a day to take the noblest of
his race,
And far and near they gathered round to join us in
the chase,
For year by year in after time, the day's work past
and done,
Would eager ears be listening for the tale of
Saxon's son,
Would youthful hearts be longing that the days
would come again
To follow up the brumby kings by creek and scrub
and plain.

From far and near they gathered, and they rode as
plainsmen ride,
Sitting easily and loosely with a careless sort of pride,
And they looked well to their tackle, for they came
as horsemen all
Who had learned that every rider takes his chances
of a fall.
They came with jokes and laughter, and with many
a well-spun tale
Of the men who're never beaten and the horse that
cannot fail.

And they reckoned, in their laughter, that however
game and fast
Blue Rock might be, his freedom was a story of
the past.
They swore that they would take him, and they
thought that it was done;
They little guessed the gameness of The Saxon's
greatest son.
And we upon the station quietly listened as they
swore,
We had our doubts about them—we had followed
him before.

We led them to the hunt, we rode from daybreak
into night,
With Simpson's left leg broken and a badly injured
right,
With Maloney's horses foundered and McNiven's
racer dead,
While Blue Rock, game as ever, still was sailing on
ahead.
Sixty horses had been at him, three for every man
who rode,
And though the sun was setting he still showed us
all the road.

The boss came at him strongly with another Saxon
colt,
For he'd left us some behind him when he made
his hurried bolt;
And now the final rally came. With all our horses
done,
We plugged along and watched them, Saxon's son
at Saxon's son!
But tho' all the sons of Saxon are as game as horse
can be,
The one was racing under whip and one for liberty.

And he beat us in the darkness on the broken butha
ground,
With hardly one amongst us who could say his
horse was sound.
All the pick of western riders had been gaily
gathered there,
And The Saxon's son had licked us all, and licked
us fair and square.
We were dumb with admiration till Jim Martin
laughed and said,
"While Blue Rock's still among us here The
Saxon's never dead."

And the boss, his horse blind beaten now and rolling
in his stride,
Swores that a brand would never mark great Blue
Rock's glossy hide.
"We'll fence him and his tauri in and keep him
there," he said,
"And he'll leave us something like himself, I hope,
before he's dead."
And from that time unto this day Blue Rock holds
Riverside,
And many are his tireless sons the River stockmen
ride.

WON

THE wattle blooms in glory upon the western plain,

The waratah is bending beneath the mountain rain,

The clematis is scenting the woodlands, far and wide,

And men are gaily yarning and laughing as they ride.

Far-flung the plains await them, the distant mountains call,

And men may ride both far and wide, and laugh whate'er befall.

When dawn looks o'er the tree-tops, and jewels all the trees,

Oh! pleasant is the swaying of the saddle 'tween the knees.

When all the west is golden, or Luna rides serene,

We tell the tales of triumph or dream the might-have-been.

'Twas so they rode in past time, 'tis so we ride today,

The hoof-beats fall, Hope gives the call, and open is the way.

Among the northern mountains was one so fair of face,

So graced with Nature's sweetness, so sweet with Nature's grace,

So full of girlish laughter, so kindly in her mirth;
 There never was a horseman who ever tightened
 girth
 But would have held it heaven to win her for his
 wife,
 And glowed with pride to ride beside her bridle-rein
 for life.

And so they came ariding, ariding far and near,
 To gaze upon her beauty and whisper in her ear;
 Oh! she was sweet in wooing, but she was hard to
 win,
 Until at last a horseman came boldly riding in;
 He knew no pause nor waiting, as timid lovers do,
 He saw the prize, gazed in her eyes, and knew the
 heart was true.

From where the dim horizon goes fading into heat,
 With nought to stay the vista till earth and sky-line
 meet,
 From where men's ways are manly, and hearts are
 true as gold,
 He came to tell the love-tale as love-tales should be
 told;
 And she, although she knew not, had waited for the
 day
 That Fate would call that horseman tall along the
 mountain way.

And so they went ariding, the sunset on her hair,
 And all the world was winsome, and all the way was
 fair;
 With horses gay and eager along the wide bush way,
 They rode in golden glory, as only lovers may;
 And as they rode together, in whispers, low and
 sweet,
 He told the tale that cannot fail when strength and
 beauty meet.

Her eyes were large with lovelight, her tender lips
were red,
Her fair face flushed in beauty to hear the words he
said;
Her soft hand went caressing along the bridle rein,
To touch her horse with kindness, and slow return
again;
With wondrous grace and sweetness she turned her
face to him,
Her cheeks aglow, her whisper low, her eyes grown
soft and dim.

The sunset took the tree-tops, and stained the cloud-
flecked sky,
The magpies from the river went slowly winging
by;
The evening star, in glory, came looking o'er the
rise,
And lit the tender meaning that lay within her
eyes;
'Twas so they rode in past time, as youthful lovers
may,
And man and wife, as one for life, 'tis so they ride
to-day.

WHEN THE WOOL IS GATHERED IN

THE sheds are growing silent,
And the shearers take the track;
They are heading east and s'uthward,
They are gaily making back.
For the wool is rolling in,
Rolling in, rolling in;
And the pens are dull and empty
Now the wool is gathered in.

In the shades of long verandahs
Men are talking of the clip:
“Eh, mon, but wool is rising;
Come and let us have a nip.”
For the wool is rolling in,
Rolling in, rolling in;
And the bank account is easy
When the wool is gathered in.

The waggons groan their troubles,
And long trains are winding slow;
For the ways are far and weary,
Where the dusty wool-bales go.
But the wool is rolling in,
Rolling in, rolling in;
With our labour and our laughter,
Oh! the wool is gathered in.

WHEN THE WOOL IS GATHERED IN 49

The buyers crowd and gather
In the show-rooms of the town,
And their bids are quick and snappy
As the hammer's coming down.
Still, the wool is rolling in,
Rolling in, rolling in;
How the agents all are smiling
Now the wool is gathered in!

The tramps are heeling over
As they take the stiffening breeze,
And the liners, proud and lordly,
Standing out across the seas;
And the wool is packed within—
Closely packed and jammed within---
And there's many a heart that's lighter
Now the wool is gathered in.

THE SONG OF THE PLAINS

THEY draft us off their "wasters" from lands
across the sea;

Their 'ne'er-do-weels' and "black sheep," they
cull them carelessly;

They ship them off by steamer, they send them
under sail,

With kisses shallow-hearted on faces deadly pale.

With swaying of the saddle,

And swinging of the rein,

We take them all, we hold them all,

We make them men again.

They ride by creek and desert, they ride by dawn
and day;

By morning star and sunset the snaffle chimes the
way,

And hearts are growing hardy, and souls are breath-
ing free,

For men are changed to heroes where pain and hard-
ship be.

Through drought and heat and duststorm

We lead them recklessly,

With rowels red across their dead,

They ride to victory.

They're camping by artesians, they're meeting at
the tanks,
With new recruits to cover the gaps within their
ranks;
By shearing-shed and racecourse, by creek and river-
bed,
They're sleeping in the starlight, the gum-trees
overhead.

While thoughts of distant faces
And memories overlong
Are floating slow through echoes low
Of some sweet old-time song.

Or gleam of snowy shoulders—where hot hearts
throb and ache,
When hark! A stir, a bellow—a thousand cattle
break;
No more regretful dreaming. Now saddle up and
ride,
And show them how we hold them upon the western
side!

To crash of splintered fences,
They charge, those thousand head,
Now ride to win, and keep them in,
And wheel them when they spread.

And there, if stakes are deadly, or horse and rider
fall,
No need of plumes and hearses; no need of priest
or pall;
No call for tears or sorrow; they go where horsemen
must.
The night winds, sighing o'er them, may whisper
to their dust.

They died as men in action,
Yet would they not regret
If o'er the sea fair eyes should be
With tardy sorrow wet.

They draft us out their "wasters," their reckless sons
of shame.

Their "ne'er-do-weels" and "black sheep"—we care
not for the name—

We take them, and we mould them, as only we can
do,

Where men are men whate'er befall, and weaklings
less than few.

With swaying of the saddle,
And swinging of the rein,
We take them all, we hold them all,
We make them men again.

THE WIDER WAYS

THE world grows grey with learning, it is leaving youth behind,
The morning is for muscle, the evening is for mind;

The past has been for laughter. The future? Is it tears?

The griefs of nations gather with the passing of the years.

In the ways of wider spaces, in the days of unfenced runs,

There is laughter for our daughters, there is freedom for our sons;

A fig for all their wisdom, be it error, be it truth,
In the wider ways of action we'll enjoy the days of youth.

The wide lands all before us, and our hands upon the reins,

We shall top the splendid mountains, we shall face the far-flung plains;

We shall see the dew-drops glisten in a thousand jewelled trees,

We shall hear the blue-grass whisp'ring at our horses' steady knees;

We shall watch the sun's last glory in the silence of the west,

With the friendly stars above us we shall find a bushman's rest.

A fig for all their wisdom, be it error, be it truth,
In the wider ways of action we'll enjoy the days of youth.

When all the world's a city and the race is civilized,
They will miss the golden mornings and the gladness we have prized;
When the brain has robbed the body of its vigour
and its thw
Will men look back and envy us the deeds we used
to do?
Will they hold that we were meaner than the
meanest of their time,
Or will they curse the bitter day the people learned
to climb?
A fig for all their wisdom, be it error, be it truth,
In the wider ways of action we'll enjoy the days of
youth.

With the open ways to lure us, with the saddle 'twixt
our knees,
Let us shun the city's comfort, with its weakness
and disease;
Let us take the wider spaces where the hearts of men
are true,
Where the deeds that are a-doing are the deeds that
men can do;
And when night is coming o'er us and the curlews
call the moon,
When we take our final orders, be it late or be it
soon,
Whate'er the years have brought us, whatever be
the truth,
We'll rejoice our day was given to the wider ways
of youth.

CLEANSKINS

H O! rally the sleepers lightly—
The stars are beginning to fail,
And the glow of the dawn to eastward
Gleams gold o'er the grasses pale;
Look well to your mounts and tackle,
Remember you'll have to ride,
For the cleanskin colts are fliers
That lead on the western side.

From under the tossing snaffle
The sweet of the herbage flowers,
From over our heads the whitewood
And leopard-tree scent are ours;
The gleam of the dawn grows brightly,
The sun looks over the plain,
And now for the horses, sprightly,
And the cleanskins once again!

With the bluegrass sweeping our stirrups,
Our feet with the dewdrops wet,
Now, who in the world could worry?
Now, who in the world could fret?
With the sway of the matchless canter,
And laughter and lightsome jest;
Oh! the heart of horseman glories
To ride in the boundless west.

Away in the weeping myalls,
With herbage and grass full-fed,
They sight us, and snort and travel—
A hundred and thirty head.
The filly from Seaweed leads them,
They make for the saltbush side;
It won't be a new chum heads them:
Now lower your hands and ride!

They race by the scented buthas,
And whip through the dead belahs.
They wheel, as afar in the distance
They sight the stockyard bars.
A tussle with rocking leaders,
With blood-red nostrils wide:
A reckless race through the timber,
And out on the station side.

Now, steady the leaders gently—
The beauties are ours at last;
One more of our days well ridden
We add to the triumphs past.
With whinny and fret and fever,
With shoulders and flanks afoam,
With hearts that are wildly heaving
We pilot the cleanskins home.

IN DAYS OF DROUGHT

THE wind has howled in the corners since ever
the world began,
And once it was heard of molluscs where
now it is heard of man;
The wind has howled in the corners, nations have
laughed and wept,
And what is the world the better than still had it
lain and slept?

Sandy McNab, of the Outpost, angular, bony, and
red,
Sandy McNab, of the Outpost, pioneer squatter, is
dead;
This is the trouble he died in, this is the tale of
his end,
Bachelor, misanthrope, miser, man who had never
a friend.

Dry were the plains as the desert, drought breathing
over the run;
Sandy came home in the evening, staggering,
touched with the sun;
Met at his doorway a woman bearing a child at the
breast,
Haggard her face was and anxious, branded with
care and unrest.

"Sandy McNab, in the past time we may have
ruined your land;
Now for a heartbroken widow, hold you a generous
hand?
Robert Trewarthen, selector, husband and father,
has died."
Pointed she down to the baby, "See how I smother
my pride!"

Deep in the heart of old Sandy wrote an invisible
hand,
Robert Trewarthen, selector, took of the best of your
land;
"Ah! you remember?" says Sandy. "Yes, I remem-
ber," she said;
Gasped, with a sigh and a tremor, fell at his feet as
the dead.

Down in the days of her girlhood, back in the time
of his youth,
Sandy had played with this lassie, played with and
loved her in truth;
Now, as he gazed at the paleness, suffering and
pain in her face,
Surely his memory, waking, carried him backwards
apace.

"Forty long miles to the doctor; God, ay!" says
Sandy, "and dry;
Think ye you'll carry me through it, think ye the
woman must die?"
Back to the days of his childhood, mother, and
homeland, and prayer,
Memory carries old Sandy out of the plains of
despair.

"God, I ha' trusted in auld time, God o' my mither's belief,
List on thy mis'rable children ; send the poor woman relief!"
Up in the spirit of Sandy came, like the rain from the cloud,
Strength of his perishing manhood ; stooped he and muttered aloud.

"Jeanie, the light o' the auld days, Sandy shall carry ye through.
You and your bairnie beside you. Lord, gie me strength so to do!"
Dead were the steeds of the Outpost, perished the harness they wore ;
Sandy looked out o'er the mulga, looked, and his heart failed him sore.

"Forty long miles of the desert, forty, oh God, not a drink !
Wad ye gie strength to pull through it ? Can ye, O Lord, d'ye think?"
Into the sulky he lifted tenderly mother and child,
Seized on the shafts in his madness, muttering, fevered, and wild.

Struggled through sunset and night time, pulled like a horse in his pain,
Fell on the morrow at noonday, crossing the Twenty-Mile Plain ;
Fell on the track of the drovers, chanced to be found as he lay,
Squatter McNab, of the Outpost, dead like a horse in a dray !

The wind has howled in the deserts since ever the world began,
 And once it was heard of dingoes where now it is heard of man;
 The wind has howled in the desert, mothers have crooned and wailed,
 And surely the desert is sacred where heroes have struggled—and failed!

The Three Year Men.

By Ella T. Frey.

For one the ribboned shoulder,
 For one the ribboned sleeve,
 The first glad days returning,
 The last sweet hours of leave.
 But ay! 'tis weary waiting
 And lonesome now & then
 For those who, bidding faintly,
 Are at the three year men.
 Lawyer priest or politician
 To wrangle round the year;
 For us our call is urgent
 To us our issue clear.
 We watch the long lists growing
 And count the loss & gains.

“WOOL AWAY!”

CAN you hear the cutters singing?
Can you hear the wheels awhirr?
See the sheep the boys are bringing?
Hear the bustle and the stir?

For the shed at last is open,
They have called the roll to-day:
And the golden fleece is falling
“Wool away! Wool away!”

When the magpie greets the morning
From the tallest of the trees,
And you see the new day dawning,
And you’re stiff about the knees,

When your back is nearly breaking,
And you start as best you may,
Hear your mates around you calling,
“Wool away! Wool away!”

So catch and take ‘em as they come,
And never stop to choose;
With fifty Wolseleys all ahum
There’s little time to lose.

There are fleeces, there are pieces,
There are bits of skin astray.
Here, you lazy, loafing loppies,
“Wool away! Wool away!”

"WOOL AWAY!"

Oh! the songs they will be singing
And the yarns that they will spin,
And the cheers that will be ringing
When the cheques are coming in;

When the gear at last is silent,
And the teamsters then can say,
As they load their creaking waggons;
"Wool away! Wool away!"

THE DREAMERS

WHEN all the world was full of youth and rich
with veiled romance,
When Hope stood beckoning far ahead,
and mocked at all mischance,
We took the track and travelled far along the wind-
ing ways,
We watched the sun sink red and gold behind the
western haze,
We saw the distant evening star, serenely calm, and
knew
That somewhere lay a perfect world, where all was
pure and true.

We saw the magpie winging home, we heard his
evening call;
We watched the squirrels swinging in the gum trees,
white and tall;
We saw the brumbies stealing in across the river
track
To take their quiet evening drink, and slowly trail-
ing back;
We heard the great Bush-Mother croon as only
mothers may,
When softly into silent night creeps slow the weary
day.

By far and near we rode the world, a world so rich
and wide;
There was no time for scorn of things, no place for
hate or pride.
We came and went as men may do, and asked of no
man's hand,
For we were young, and strong with youth, and ours
was all the land.
Far out upon the endless plains, or 'mid the mountain
heights,
We loved the gentle wooing of the warm, soft sum-
mer nights.

We were the knights of modern times, Don Quixotes,
if you will,
Who challenged every passing show and tilted at the
mill.
But life was filled with rosy light and dreams of high
emprise,
And perfect truth and beauty lay in every maiden's
eyes;
The future lured, the present charmed; the past held
no regret,
And every chance that came our way was welcome
and well met.

'Twas thus we passed by hill and plain, with all the
world to roam,
And here and there a cosy nook which claimed it
could be home.
And now and then a girl who smiled, as who would
bid us stay
And rest awhile and take our ease through all a sum-
mer's day.
But still it called, the great wide world, where lay no
beaten road,
Which knew no laws nor rules to bind save only
honour's code.

And ever on we rode, till called by life in pathways
new
To take the special task which Fate ordained for each
to do,
To face our duty in our day and help to mould a race
Which would be fitted for its time and worthy of its
place.
We took and wrought each at his work, and still
there shone afar,
With pure and ever-kindly light, the changeless
evening star.

When sudden came a bugle call, a call unknown be-
fore,
And swiftly manhood answered it; we knew the voice
of war.
From ways of peace they gathered in, those knights
of other days,
To prove their courage and their worth in war's com-
pelling ways,
They heard a cry for men to aid, a cry of fear and
woe;
Don Quixotes of another world they must arise and
go.

And some have calmly gone to death, to fall as heroes
fall,
And some returned, but none have failed to answer
manhood's call;
Torn, bloody, maimed, they keep their way, for still
they see afar,
Through all the hideous hell of war, the stainless
evening star.
For men who tread the paths they trod are ever men
at need;
Who dreams high dreams has ever proved himself a
man in deed.

THE BUSHMAN

H O! ye who fret for freedom, there is scope for fancy yet,

In the strength of horsemen's sinews, in the scent of horses' sweat;

There's a world for reckless riders where the jockeys laugh at Fate,

Where the wildest leads the party and the one who waits is late.

So it's choose your fancy route,
We are making farther out

Where the brumby still is snorting and the scrubbers are about.

When hoof-beats of a hundred head are thundering on the plains,

Red blood is on the rowels, and white foam is on the reins,

With the brumby stallion leading, it is set your teeth and ride,

They will try your horse's metal when they race to save their hide!

They're a flying cleanskin lot,
And they're only to be got

By the yarding and the roping and the brand that's hissing hot.

When the bushmen gather gaily at the Way Back
shanty course,
And every man's a lunatic who does not talk of
horse,
When they mark the course by blazes here and there
among the trees,
And you'll see the town-bred riders somewhat shaky
at the knees.

Then it's get the colours up,
You who caught the dingo pup,
And ride to land the winner in the Way Back Shanty
Cup.

There are hornies to be gathered, there are lambs
to mark and wean;
There are journeys to be ridden, there are kisses in
between.
There are tender moonlit meetings in the shadow of
the trees—
Would you follow me, I wonder, to taste paradise in
these?

With eyes that speak of love
While the moon is pale above,
But with power to stop you never when the wish is
on to rove.

For we ride by hut and homestead, and we pass by
hill and plain,
To the creaking of the saddle and the swinging of
the rein,
And we cross by creek and desert, while the thoughts
that lure us on;
They are deep with hidden meaning that but horse-
men think upon.

They're romantic as the moon,
They are ardent as the noon
With the richness and the sweetness of the waning
afternoon.

So it's saddle up and follow past the milestones of
the years,
On the tracks that time will take us—for a bushman
never fears.
By the starlight and the sunlight, through the morn-
ing and the eve,
By the waters, cool and shady, by the waters that de-
ceive,

Saddle up and take the track,
Never turning to look back,

For the world is wide before us, and our hands are
growing slack.

After Four Years.

I wish the blamed thing would end,
An' let me get back to my job.
I'm sick o' op overs an' 'Uhs,
An' five-nines, an' trenches, an' rum;
Op duckwalks, an' sandbags, an' mud,
An' the luridly crimson blank life.

I'm sick o' rest camps, an' billets,
An' madamossells an' vang blox,
Op cafay hore, fried eggs an' chips
An' lousy, damp straw for my bunk
I got no use for brasso, or blanco,
Or for drill, or blood-pink rout-marches
I can't stand the sight of a leave pass,
Or a plot in little old London;
Or the teeterong down there in Soho,
An' Susanne who said that she loved me.
I just want the damned thing to end
An' let me get back to my job.

—Frances.

Digger

A SONG OF FREEDOM

H O! sing a song of the unfenced runs,
And the ways of the unknown track,
For the blood horse, free in a cleanskin mob,
And the man who brings him back.
For the reckless life and the codeless creed,
That throbs with liberty;
For the hearts of the men who scorn all greed,
For the deeds of the must-be-free.

For the thin, brown, wiry horsemen,
Who ride through the dawn and dusk,
To triumph with life's sweet kernel,
And leave to the readers—husk.

When drought holds hot on the plains of dust,
And the hills are brown and bare;
When the shades that fall from the kindly night
Are palls to a deep despair
That would break the heart of a weaker race,
And choke a meaner soul,
They drop their heads, at a dogged pace
They ride for the distant goal.

With hearts that are restless, earnest,
Good metal without a flaw.
Game to the last faint flutter,
True to the inmost core.

When roads and tracks they are hid from sight,
In the foam of a ten-mile flood,
When the gusts of the night wind, wet and keen,
Make moan in the frozen blood,
They take their way by the struggling light,
They ride to the broken banks;
They have heard the call, and the changeless night.
Leaves gaps in their changeful ranks.

With scent of the thick flood-waters,
Where dull back-eddies flow;
And riderless horses racing,
And voices hushed and low.

So sing a song for the men of men,
Who ride in the ways untrod,
Who pay no tithes to the power of priest
Nor fear to meet their God.
Ho! sing a song for the dauntless heart,
And the mind that knows no fear,
But fights its way to a broader part,
And holds its freedom dear;

For the pale-browed, deep-eyed dreamers
Who scout for the human race,
For the dauntless, fearless fighters
Who win for a man his place.

THE PHANTOM MOB

YES! I'm Harry Black—Mad Harry,
And I often hear them say,
“Oh! he's off, poor chap, don't heed him;
He has seen a better day.
He was king of all the drovers
On a dry and droughty track,
He tried it once too often;
It's Mad Harry—Harry Black.”

They say I can't keep silent,
So I'll tell my yarn no more,
If they follow me with pleadin'
From the Paroo to the shore.
I'd like to swop my yarns with you,
But, there, I know they'd say,
“Old Harry, there—Mad Harry—
Couldn't shut his mouth a day.”

Yet, hang it! if you'd listen
I would—but they would laugh,
And make my life a burden,
With their senseless sort of chaff.
Still, now, they wouldn't hear me,
And you're not the sort to split.
I know men when I meet 'em,
I have travelled round a bit.

Well, I'd got a mob of cattle,
Out beyond the back Paroo
When stock-routes were the paddocks,
And the fences far and few.

They were just what dust and drought time
 Make the pikers on the plains
In what they call a drought out there—
 And there it never rains.

So the track was dry as wisdom,
 And the days were scorching hot;
The beasts were dropping off like flies—
 I thought we'd lose the lot.
And my mates were turning cranky—
 Day and night without a drink—
But I kept 'em to the music,
 And I never slept a wink.

I had to keep 'em goin',
 Or the beggars, beast and man,
Would have perished like a beetle
 In an empty billy-can.
It was work now, I can tell you,
 But I never flinched at work,
Though I saw that good and bad alike
 Had now begun to shirk,

Till I woke and found, one morning,
 There was not a hoof alive.
But I rode around the bodies,
 And I started on to drive.
They were somewhat hard to handle,
 But I kept 'em all the same,
For whoever knows Mad Harry
 Will admit that he is game.

And I took 'em on my lonely,
 Kept 'em moving on the track,
Till the fellows who had left me,
 One by one came crawling back.
And I never swore or cursed 'em,
 Simply let 'em take a hand,
Till the curious way they watched me
 Brought me round to understand.

We were driving ghosts of cattle—
Not a live beast in the lot—
And they'd never camp a moment,
Though the day was blazing hot.
And at night they never rested,
Always movin', movin' round
With a restless sort o' movin',
And a moanin' sort o' sound.

Till at last I swore at Murphy,
Cursed Joe Crowley to his teeth,
And I saw their lips a-grinnin'
And a *skeleton* beneath!
I cursed 'em both as useless,
And then all at once I saw
They had travelled with the cattle,
They were living men no more!

Ghosts o' men and ghosts o' cattle,
I could see 'em through the day,
In a strange and curious fashion,
And a hazy sort o' way.
And at night they gathered round me
Till my very flesh would creep,
Till at last—I couldn't help it—
While they watched, I fell asleep.

Then they went and left me sleepin',
Went and left me where I lay,
And I swore an oath I'd find 'em,
If I looked till Judgment Day.

Yes, I'm Harry Black—Mad Harry—
But I never can forget
Those pikers from the back Paroo—
I'm looking for 'em yet.

BACK O' BEYOND

PEEP o' Day station, Peep o' Day,
Out at the back o' beyond.

That's where the pioneers strive alway,
With mouths grim set in their work and play;
Where blue is brazen and green is gray,
Out at the back o' beyond.

Peep o' Day station, Peep o' Day,
Out at the back o' beyond.

We've watched you struggle to keep the post,
Who do your duty nor brag nor boast,
With little encouragement given at most,
Out at the back o' beyond.

Peep o' Day station, Peep o' Day,
Out at the back o' beyond.

That's where the future heroes grow,
With heads held high and with hands held low,
They will tilt with Fate, taking blow for blow,
Out at the back o' beyond.

Peep o' Day station, Peep o' Day,
Out at the back o' beyond.

When work is over and toil is done,
They sink to rest like the setting sun,
With another league of the Empire won,
Out at the back o' beyond.

Peep o' Day station, Peep o' Day,
Out at the back o' beyond.

Names that you give should be graven in gold,
With glory and praises manifold,
The deeds of those who have made you told,
Those at the back o' beyond.

THE WAY TO MAT McCRAE'S

I WENT to see an old-time friend,
 Selector Mat McCrae,
And never having been before,
 Of course, I lost my way.
When, coming to a German's place,
 I asked him of the track.
"Id is joost like you see der sun,"
 Said he, "boat dere and back."

"You goes along der dog-leg vence,
 You sees a gangaroo,
You vollows eem eef e ez von,
 You doan eef e eez do.
You comes do vere der roads eez cross'd
 Mit some view udder bair;
You dake dem nod, goes straight before,
 Und soon you vill be dere.

"You sees a gum-dree mit your right,
 Mit dead leafes on a bough;
You passes heam, und soon you zee
 Der spotted galf und gow.
You leaves dem on your lefd, und den
 You 'ears a dog do 'owl;
You vollows him, der sound 'e make,
 Undil you 'ear 'im growl.

Und den id maybe 'e vill bide,
 Und maybe 'e vill nodt;
Eee does when veather id eez gold,
 'E doan when id eez odt.

Und so you gum to Mad McCrae's,
 Und eef Mad eez nod dere,
 You mostly knows nod vere 'e eez,
 'E may be everyvere.

"Und so id's easy to ee's blace;
 Eef Mad eez nod at 'ome,
 Your good to vait till Mad gome bag;
 Ee mooch about do roam.
 Id eez nod 'ere a man vould like
 Id appen 'e god lost;
 Und id vill be some cold to-nighdt,
 Und dere vill be a vrost."

I thanked the German, carelessly,
 With bearing confident,
 And down the crooked dog-leg fence
 Right jauntily I went.
 I did not mean to let him see
 I could not understand,
 For I'm a city chap who writes
 For those upon the land.

Next morning, shivering with cold,
 My clothes all stiff with frost,
 I told that chap, in words precise,
 I'd managed to get lost.
 Some other things I also said;
 He did not seem to mind.
 Perhaps he did not understand—
 My language was refined.

"You loose your vay, you vreeze all nighdt,
 Dis jilly, doo," says he.
 "You zidy yellow in der boosh
 Id eez nod righdt der be.

Der vay I dold you, id was blain
Do any man ov zense.
You sdard vrom 'ere und go along
Der grooged dog-leg vence.

"You gome along mit it beside,
As anyone mus' do,
Und den, I 'ear you zay id so,
You zee der gangaroo.
You dravel likge a bushman den
Do vere der roads eez crossed;
You bass der gum-dree mid a bough.
Mein Gott, und you god losdt!"

FABLE 1.

PRODUCER AND THE PARASITE

FIRST Combing and The Parasite they met one sunny day.

Says Parasite, "We're wanting cash, old man; you'll have to pay.

"We politicians want a spree—we're going to do the grand.

Your part will be to foot the bill; 'tis you who own the land."

Now this was rather straight, you know, for poor old Wool-and-Meat,

And so he looked—perhaps he felt—a little less than sweet.

He started to object a bit; the lawyer only smiled, A soft insinuating grin that drove First Combing wild.

He got upon his toes and spoke strange words for one so meek,

Who usually weakly gave the tender "other cheek." The Parasite waxed dignified, "Ah, you forget my power.

Now, Mr. Combing, pay, I say, and pay this very hour.

I hope you know and understand since you've been somewhat lax,

You'll have to pay a fine besides the usual income-tax."

80 PRODUCER AND THE PARASITE

'Then habit beat old Wool-and-Meat, he handed up
the cash,

The politician, smiling, left. First Combing mut-
tered "Dash!"

I am a fool; I give him power to fleece me note by
note,

Now what's the good for men like me to have the
power to vote?

He knows no more about the land than I about the
sky,

And yet we fool producers, we just pass our own sort
by

To place in power a parasite who lives upon our
blood,

Who gives us leave to gather grass that he may chew
the cud."

The politician went his way and met old Butter-Fat—
A farmer freshly come to town—he gently raised his
hat.

"Ha! Mr. Pumpkin, how are you? I'm very glad
we've met."

He laid it off right properly, The Parasite, you bet!
Until at length he reached the point, "Now, Mr.
Pumpkin, you

Are well aware how much respect to Government is
due;

We're needing money; you may have the honour to
assist."

He slapped old Pumpkin on the back with jovial
friendly fist.

Then Pumpkin, greatly pleased, you see, to know
so great a swell,

Forked out his little bit of cash and took the matter
well.

The politician grabbed the gilt and passed along the
street,

With head erect and swelling chest and proudly-
stepping feet;

But Pumpkin, standing all alone, began to wonder
how
The deuce he could get home again—he had no
money now;
He never knew, he never does, why he had paid the
cash,
And now he vaguely felt that he had p'r'aps been
somewhat rash.
A studious Philosopher, who chanced to pass that
way,
Saw poor old Pumpkin at a loss, and bid the time of
day;
They entered into converse, then poor Pumpkin told
his tale;
Of course, to the Philosopher his yarn was somewhat
stale,
But as they slowly sauntered on, they heard First
Combing swear
In such an aggravated way it raised the sage's hair.
The studious Philosopher he asked him for the cause.
First Combing blurted out his tale, and never took a
pause.
The studious Philosopher he looked at Butter Fat,
Bent low his head and scratched his ear, took off and
twirled his hat.
He felt that his position there was somewhat delicate,
But he would boldly do his part and leave the rest
to fate.
“Now you, my friends,” he softly said, “are both in
the same boat,
And I suppose this Parasite is one who gets your
vote.
Now why should you pay parasites to tax you and to
fine?
You have the power to alter this: Combine, my
friends, combine!”
First Combing gave a scornful snort, “A beastly
cockatoo!”

He said; "with such a wretched scamp I can have nought to do."

"Ah! Mr. Combing," says the sage, "I see you've met before."

The hate in Pumpkin's voice was keen—"I've met 'em by the score!

They're beastly bloated squatter chaps who think they own the land,

Who drive their blessed motor-cars, and do the mighty grand.

I hate the things, the cursed things!" The sage he sadly sighed,

"Ah me! I cannot understand such narrow, bitter pride."

And on he passed. With withering look First Combing said good-day,

And Pumpkin, paying back the glance, went on his lonely way.

From then to now they walk apart; the lordly Parasite

He laughs to see and fattens on their produce while they fight.

FABLE 2.

POWER LOOM

Now ho! you city sweepers,
Who live on others' toil,
We have no blood to barter
Upon our southern soil;
For while our farms are fertile,
And while our runs are wide,
Our children all are freemen,
And this shall be their pride.

THE Sweater stood within his den and watched
the looms at play,
His servants shrank beneath his gaze—his
servants ashen gray.
“More speed,” he said; “my income shrinks,” and
turned upon his heel,
As with the strain of overwork the dizzy children
reel.
The Sweater sat him down at ease within his office
chair,
A place of perfect luxury with every comfort there.
His brother, Wool-and-Grain, came in just fresh from
off the land,
And grasped poor Sweater’s fingers, soft, with large
and hearty hand.

"Go gently, Wool-and-Grain," said he; "why must you be so rough?"

"What! hurt you, eh?" laughs Wool-and-Grain;
"I've seen a girl more tough?"

"Perhaps you have," the Sweater said; "the amazons you breed

Upon your sheep and cattle runs would certainly have need.

But now you're here, I'd like to ask why don't you leave your toil?

'Tis but a life to suit a beast, this living on the soil.
You work and sweat from morn to night, and scarcely make things pay.

Now look at me, who had the sense to choose a different way;

I sit at ease—*they* work for me." He waved his hand in scorn,

As though his workers were but dirt and he the god of morn.

His only child came cringingly to make some poor complaint;

The sight of such a sickly thing made Wool-and-Grain feel faint.

"My only child," said Power-Loom, "the others all are dead—

Your uncle, Wool-and-Grain, my boy"; the child hung down his head.

He straight forgot his object there in thinking of his pain,

And turning, with a weary look, went back to work again.

"You see, I bring them up to work," the Sweater proudly said.

"Ah, me! I'm sometimes sorrowful in thinking of those dead.

But I was saying, why not leave your toil and come to town,

Invest in manufacturing and then sit calmly down

To watch your profits grow apace. The only thing
I find
That ever comes to worry me and move my peace-
ful mind
The wretched health authorities will come and nag
at me,
As though it were my business how the people's
health should be.
I'm not in business for my health." "I am," said
Wool-and-Grain.
The Sweater smiled so pityingly, and then went on
again.
They argued at the matter then till Power-Loom felt
bad.
"You talk of sweating, Wool-and-Grain. Why, man,
you must be mad!"
"Well, now," said Wool-and-Grain, "I see you won't
be satisfied
Until I tell the bitter truth. Now when your chil-
dren died
It never struck your selfishness you'd murdered them
for gold."
And Wool-and-Grain grew angry, and his voice was
hard and cold.
"My children are alive, thank God, all happy, strong
and well;
Before I'd sacrifice a child I'd see your gold to hell.
Your gold is cursed, the price of blood and bitter-
ness," he said.
"Your luxury is gathered from the tombstones of
your dead."

You vampire "men of business,"
Who live upon the poor,
We want no child-destroyers;
Our heritage is sure.

POWER LOOM

The herbage waves before us,
The plover rise and call,
The soft winds whisper o'er us,
The hoof-beats lightly fall,
We greet the night and morning,
Wherever we may be,
We see the young day dawning,
We laugh, for we are free.

FABLE 3.

THE PADDOCK AND THE WHEATFIELD

The big man and the little man
They squabble and they fight;
The squatter and the cockatoo,
They row with all their might.
But what's the use of falling out
When both are in the right?

THE Paddock and the Wheatfield they were standing side by side,
When Paddock raised his haughty head and spoke with cutting pride,
"You're a devilish little chappie, Mister Field; you're deuced small;
You'd hardly feed a bandicoot, and, take you all in all,
It seems to me to ring you round with such a costly fence,
Is silly sort of nonsense and ridiculous expense.
They scratch you over with a plough and leave you bare and black;
"Twill be some little time, I guess, before the grass comes back."

The Field looked up with angry eye, "It may be you
are big,
But you're a deadwood forest—I'm a green and fruit-
ful twig.
You're a mighty puffed-up joker, but it's little that
you keep,
For all your thousand acres mean a poor five hundred
sheep.
I'm going to grow a power of hay; it's only weeds
you yield;
You're a barren sort of beggar, Mister Paddock,"
says the Field.
The owner of the place rode out, and with him took
a friend
To show him what his station was; they rode from
end to end;
They'd passed along the river, and they'd watered at
the tanks;
Their horses showed their travel by the foam upon
their flanks.
At last, they came to where the field and ring-
barked paddock met.
"Well, squatter," says the visitor, "this beats all
we've seen yet.
Now, as for me, I'd rather have that field of all we've
seen."
The Paddock, in her haughty pride, turned bilious
yellow-green.
"Oh, hardly!" laughed the owner, "but it's handy,
too, you know;
I cut the wheat as hay for feed when grass is getting
low.
Without the paddock for my stock, the hay's but
little use,
And then without the hay, you see, the drought
would play the deuce;

To tell the truth, I hardly know which I should
value more—

The thousand-acre paddock or the field of twice a
score.”

Then on they rode: The Paddock stooped and whis-
pered, low, to Field,

“I see, my friend, our silliness stands awkwardly re-
vealed.”

The Field looked up, “Well, come,” he said, “we
may as well agree,

Unless we work together, we are useless, I can see.”

The big man and the little man,
They squabble and they fight;
The squatter and the cokatoo
They row with all their might.
But what's the use of falling out
When both are in the right?

FABLE 4.

THE WALKING DELEGATE

The world is full of sweaters of every sort and kind,
Both those who sweat the body and those who
sweat the mind;
But worst of all the vampires who live within the
State,
And prey upon the toilers, is The Walking Dele-
gate.

THE Ringer stood upon the board where he so often shore,
And cursed aloud and stamped his foot and spat and cursed some more.
He'd come to take his stand again, his stand, for fifteen years
He'd shorn upon that self-same floor. He tilted up his shears.
"I came to earn a cheque," he said, "a cheque which carried weight;
Now all the curses of a man upon the Delegate.
My missus and my children talk of what I'm going to earn,
And all the things they're going to buy when Daddy will return,
And my selection needs a bit to make it snug and trim,
And now I've got to stand and wait to hear the likes of him.

I came to shear and earn a cheque before it is too late.

I came to shear. He says I can't—oh, blast the Delegate!

If other chaps ain't treated right and like to go on strike,

As far as I'm concerned, of course, they do it if they like;

But 'cause it's raining out at Bourke, 'tain't raining everywhere,

And 'cause some squatter coves are cronk, don't say that none are square.

We've never had no cause to growl, we always got our rate,

So why should we go out on strike for any Delegate?

Yer can't expect all men alike. If one boss treats yer right,

Why, stick to him and show the rest that he won't have to fight.

The other chaps'll tumble then it pays 'em to be fair,
And soon we'd get a decent rate for shearing everywhere.

This treating every man alike if fair and square or not,

And making good men pay for bad is senseless blooming rot;

It don't encourage 'em at all to treat us chaps like men."

He paused and gazed in thoughtful style upon his empty pen.

The Delegate strode up the board, "Now, chaps, I hope you know

That no good Union Shearer is allowed to take a blow.

The fellows down at Winteguy decided to go out
Because they had to tucker with a blooming rouse-about.

They knew, of course, as Union men they'd be backed up by you.

We'll show the skinflint squatter crowd what Union men can do."

The Ringer kicked his shears again. "Yes, that's all right," says he,

"But s'pose we earn no cheques this year, where'll our selections be?"

The Delegate spoke up in haste, "You'll earn your cheque old man;

The squatters can't hold out as long as Union Shearers can;

They only need to taste the sauce that Union men can give,

And they'll congratulate themselves we let the beggars live."

The Ringer spoke again. "But here we always get our price,

And if there's anything goes wrong, you needn't say it twice.

We've got no reason here to growl, we've always had fair play;

We're satisfied to keep at that to-day and every day."

"No doubt, my friend," said Delegate. "Are you a Union man?

You reason like a blackleg would and no good shearer can.

You seem to be a beggar who is satisfied to shear And keep your little bit of land improving every year.

You may be satisfied with this, your boss may be all right,

But any shearer who's a man will join us in the fight."

"Well, blow me now," the Ringer said, "ain't there no difference then

In one who thinks we're blooming slaves and one who knows we're men?"

"Of course, there's not," another said, "they only
need the chance,

Whoever they may be you'll find they'll darned soon
make you dance."

The Ringer saw he stood alone. "Well, may be you
are right,
I'm satisfied, but that ain't it, the Union's going to
fight."

Then straight they went and told their boss they
weren't allowed to shear.

And many a willing man went home with empty
hands that year,

And many a good wife, worn with toil, with empty
cup and plate,

And hungry children knew the cause—The Walking
Delegate.

CLARISSA'S CALL

CALLING, calling,
And the kine are coming up,
Dandelion, Buttercup,
Queenie's Gift and all,
Coming up in careless way
Through the closing of the day,
At Clarissa's call.

Calling, calling
And my heart is thrilled to hear
Tones so honey-sweet and clear,
As they rise and fall,
Far upon the mountain side,
I can hear them as I ride,
Hear Clarissa's call.

Calling, calling
Comes for me alone the cry,
I alone can hear, and I
Cross the shadows tall,
Shadows that the moon has thrown,
O'er the path I long have known,
At Clarissa's call.

Calling, calling
Often has she called me so,
In a way true lovers know,
At the evenfall,
Oh! the sweetly upturned face!
Oh! the soul-enchanting grace
Of Clarissa's call!

Calling, calling
Through the years that are to be.
She will ever call to me,
When the shadows fall.
Yestereve she gave her vow.
Hark! my heart is leaping now
At Clarissa's call.

WHEN THE SHADES GROW LONG

IN the evening, in the evening,
When the shades grow long,
Falls a soul-enchanting calm,
When the shades grow long.

Roses waft a sweeter scent
Where the lilies throng;
Violets hang they drowsy heads,
When the shades grow long.

Butterflies, with weary wing,
Dream of scent and song.
Petals of the blossoms fall,
When the shades grow long.

Cool and quiet is the air,
Fairies flit along,
Bearing messages of peace,
When the shades grow long.

Sweetly comes the voice of one,
Who can do no wrong,
Singing, as she waits for me,
When the shades grow long.

In the evening, in the evening,
When the shades grow long,
Love is ever hiding near,
When the shades grow long.

FONDNESS

THE soft, warm flush of summer
Rests on a sleepy land,
And warm and soft the wind is,
And soft and warm Her hand.
Oh! why should men go ploughing
Across the restless sea,
With Isobel allowing
Such happiness to me?

Her dainty ear a-leaning
To catch my whispers low,
Her breath upon my temples,
Sets all my blood aglow.
Oh! why should far things lure me,
With tales they have to tell,
When eye and ear assure me
I have my Isobel.

Those eyes so full of love-light,
Those lips as red as wine,
What sweet intoxication
To think that these are mine!
Why should a man go fretting
Of things that may not be,
Repining or regretting?
The present is for me.

FONDNESS

Life may be all a bubble,
As sages oft have told.
My Isobel is with me,
And she is mine to hold.
With this the only trouble
With which my life is cursed:
The light may leave the bubble
Before the bubble's burst.

CUPID'S ARROWS

ON no very distant day,
Cupid, lingering on his way,
Saw a form so wondrous fair,
"Hal!" he said, "what goddess there?"

Then he fancied, "Ah, but sure,
Never goddess looked so pure,
Nor so coldly sweet as she,
Walking there so leisurely.

"It would give me princely sport
Were such queenly coldness caught."
So he fitted on a dart,
Shot it fairly at her heart.

As he fired, shot by shot,
Still the arrows entered not;
Chilled by a reserve of pride,
One by one they glance aside,

Till in spirit of his play,
He had fired them all away.
Then his temper waxed hot,
And his hand impatient got.

"Now," he muttered, "I have fear
Such reserve will cost you dear.
Who art thou canst thus defy
Archer so secure as I?"

"But I still have arrows two,
Fate has surely forged for you,
They are formed with golden head,
And their power is never sped.

"All my other darts give pain,
Such as time heals o'er again,
But in each of these there lies
Love which time and change defies.

"And for costing me such trouble,
Your affection shall be double."
'Ere the voice of Echo came,
He had taken careful aim.

And one golden headed dart
Fixed itself in my Love's heart.
'Ere she knew what he had done,
Swift he shot the other one.

As she turned around to chide,
He was standing by her side,
Telling tales so passing sweet,
She perforce did kindly greet.

Then he, growing somewhat bolder,
Nestled softly on her shoulder,
Whispering in her shell-like ear
Things which now she loved to hear.

And he capped them with a name,
Telling whence his message came.
Should you ask me how I know,
Cupid's self has told me so.

THE BREAKING OF THE FLAG

THE day is here!
The Empire to the Nation greeting gives.
Cheer upon cheer
Rings out to carry forth to all the world,
The wide-spread world, with all its varied ways
Of hope and fear
That here the ancient kinship still hath life,
Beneath the old and new-born flags unfurled,
As it shall live through all our future days.

From out the North,
The Little Island where great hearts have been,
There had gone forth,
Long years ago, a band of hardy ones,
Who found a new-born freedom of their own,
Which choked their wrath;
And as the years went by the ancient Queen
Called unto these, her children, and her sons
Give answer to the voice they still have known.

And now the days
Have trodden out old wrongs in passing by,
And newer ways
Across the far-flung ocean join our hands.
High hopes of future friendship find their birth,
New aims to raise;
The Ensign meets the Star-cross eye to eye;
The token of the world's wide progress stands,
To give a word of hope to all the earth.

A DREAM OF SPAIN

O MANDOLIN; O mandolin!
O silver-soft guitar!
The tones of love are floating in,
The voices dreamy are.

O sweet guitar! O mandolin!
The tones of love are floating in,
The voices dreamy are.

Gay cavaliers are riding slow,
Proud dons are lingering by,
The orange-blossoms softly blow,
With summer-scented sigh.
O sweet guitar! O mandolin!
The tones of love are floating in,
With summer-scented sigh.

The purple glow upon the hills
Is fading into night,
And all the echoing music fills
A dream of faded might.
O sweet guitar! O mandolin!
The tones of love are floating in,
A dream of faded might.

The ghost of Fame sits wearily
On palaces of pride.
The shades of night fall drearily,
And nought there is beside.
O sweet guitar! O mandolin!
The tones of love are floating in,
And nought there is beside.

LINES BY A SWAGMAN

THE river rolls toward the sea, slow, silent, and enduring,
For me its sullen sluggishness holds whispers reassuring,
Though other men may meet with scorn, the man grown grey and weary
With tramping, tramping, tramping on the long roads, dry and dreary.
A derelict they call me now, who call me nothing harder,
And toss me out the broken scraps that lie around the larder;
And I, who once was young and gay, and ardent with endeavour,
May still be thankful for a camp beside the lonely river.

And here, where silence reigns alone, and men can bring no shaming,
I take the broken glass of life and set it in its framing;
The sullen river rolls its way, the silent day is fading,
And thought takes from the eventide its tracery and shading;
It sees the littleness of man, the uselessness of striving,
The tiny things that part the ways of failing and of thriving,

It takes the thing that men call time and tosses it to tatters;

It turns and hisses to my soul the grim words,
"nothing matters."

I've spent the years in working out the destiny God gave me;

I know not if the things I did or did not do will save me,

But this I know, that, come what may, I've always held it duty

To stand beside a fallen friend, and think no shame of beauty.

Low down among the darkened gums, beside the winding river,

I feel the coming of the night set all the day ashiver;
I never knew the worth of love of father or of mother;

I hear again the fatal word which robbed me of another.

She chose the better way, I know; God helped her in the choosing;

Yet might I, too, have been a man, but for that soft refusing.

The Power that made me, made me thus, that I should be rejected;

And if my life has seemed a waste, my talents all neglected,

Yet, even so, I cannot bring my thoughts to hold such treason,

To think the Power who made me thus, did this without a reason.

The God who made me in His might, and led me forth in kindness,

Shall surely never punish one whose soul was born to blindness.

GOD'S PATH

STAR-LIKE the dewdrops glisten
Upon the glowing grass.
Sweet harebells stoop to listen,
A-tremble as we pass.
Her face a-flush with slumber,
Her golden tresses free,
Dawn rises fresh and rosy,
And smiles her witchery.
The reign of Night is over,
And Day, the world-wide rover,
Hangs high his heraldry.

Beneath the weeping willows
Along the still lagoon,
Full soft the herbage pillows
The dreaminess of Noon.
Deep in the sun-glassed water
Soft clouds lie mirrored cool,
Slow, stately swans are floating
In sheltered nook and pool.
The paths he passed are sleeping,
From tree to tree slow creeping—
Sleep perfecteth his rule.

The tender hush of Evening
Rests on a peaceful land,
The children of fair fancy
Troop up, a laughing band:

Pink-flush the pearly cloudlets,
The tinkling of a bell
Comes softly through the sunset,
With sweet, melodious swell.
Across Day's painted story—
God walks in solemn glory—
God walks, and all is well.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN ON THE SEA

WHEN the sun goes down on the sea
 The dreamy voice of Desire is heard,
 The inmost soul of the world is stirred
With the fitful note of a far refrain.
We would give the world and its worth to gain—
If such a gift might be—
When the purple dies on the distant hills,
 And the sun goes down on the sea.

When the sun goes down on the sea,
The years give forth of the garnered spoil
They have gathered through aeons of endless toil.
For one brief moment they live in light
'Ere they pass in the sweep of a darkened night
To a world of mystery.
When the purple dies on the distant hills,
 And the sun goes down on the sea.

When the sun goes down on the sea
For the last, lorn time on a dying world,
'Ere the earth, to its primitive darkness hurled,
Calls out in its fear to the vast unknown,
Will the Great Good stoop from its great white
 throne
With a word for you and me,
When the purple dies on the distant hills,
 And the sun goes down on the sea?

THE LOVER

WITH eyes of love I gazed upon
The face of one most fair;
Nor dared to hope that I should see
Like love reflected there.
But I have learned how hearts have yearned,
With love beyond compare.

With eyes of love that lingered long,
And words of tender grace;
I won a smile of witchery
From that most winsome face.
And now I know why Cupid's bow,
Was taken from its place.

With eyes of love, and words that wooed,
With just a touch of pride;
I took her gentle hand in mine,
And turned her fears aside.
For love was there beyond compare,
And would not be denied.

With eyes of love, and lips that burned,
I stole the first sweet kiss;
And as she blushed and turned her head,
I took the mate to this.
And now I trow that well I know,
The taste of perfect bliss.

With eyes of love I gazed upon
 The face of one most fair;
 Nor dared to hope that I should see,
 Like love reflected there.
 And now I know two hearts aglow,
 With love beyond compare.

The Port of Love.

By. Roderic Quine.

Black smoke on a grey sea!
 South & south she glides—
 Fifteen-hundred fighting men
 Housed within her sides;
 High by high, the South Stars
 Small & smaller burn,
 League on league her white wake
 Stretches far astern
 how the war is over
 Now they troop again,
 For having wrought as fighters,
 They long to work a man;
 And some are for the Cities,
 And some are for the Bush,
 And some without the heart of each
 Is laughing like a thrush.
 Black smoke on a grey sea!
 In & on the treks
 Fifteen hundred fighting men
 Grouped about her decks
 High by high, the South Stars
 Large & larger burn,
 League on league, her white wake

Stretches far o'er.
How the ~~St~~ Cui is over
Calm has brought release,
And proved by war's sad trial
Thy shall not fail in peace,
To Crown & Gveckel promise
They came from out the dark
And fail with him the heart of each
Is singing like a lark.

THE LAST PATH

'T IS a path that we all must travel
When our journey of days is done,
When the strands of our life unravel
Pure gold in the setting sun.
As dimly we see before us
The long, long shadows fall,
And our life's regrets sweep o'er us
Like a far-off curlew's call.

When the days we have fought and perished
In the overland of years,
And the dreams that we long have cherished -
Grow dim as our childhood's years.
Afar in the distance only
The gleam of the station light,
And the sigh of a soul that's lonely,
To cross in the silent night.

God grant that we may not falter,
Nor travel that path in dread;
In knowledge that nought can alter
The deeds of the days now dead.
God grant that the weak endeavour
May count for more than the deed;
And the good we have longed for ever
Stand close in our hour of need.

When the breath of the great All Giver
Stirs soft in the gum-trees grey,
And the sheen of the silent river
Gleams up in a ghostly way.
Afar from the dream-days vanished
God grant youth's aftermath
Shall come with its hope long-banished
To lead us the last lone path.

Black smoke on a blue sea
Row of the sea-herds strong
Fifteen-hundred fighting-men
Urning me along:
And clear the coast lights
Gleams of greeting east.
Home, the corus west nested cedar
Home to port at last
Now the partings over
How they thrill now!
Though fighting may be noble
Yet loss is noble too
And send them through their dangers
The blue skies bend above
And low within the heat of each
Coming like a dove

WAVERLEY CEMETERY

ALL day the waves along the sunlit shore
Call unto those whom earth can call no more.
All night the salt spray flying overhead
Gives echo to the voices of the dead.
The restless ones, earth's fighters 'ere they died,
Go out upon the storm wings far and wide,
The timid nestle but more closely down,
Soothed by the murmur of the distant town.

All day the mourners go about their ways,
Lamenting for their lost ones many days;
All night their sighs beat up against the stars,
Torn by the rattle of the jarring cars;
In silent hours, and from the busy street,
Pass by the viewless ones we may not meet;
Entangled with the flesh, we may not hear
The melodies too sweet for human ear.

All day with tributes to the sleeping dead
Their living friends are passing overhead;
All night the spirits they would seek by day
Through ways unknown to us take easy way,
And we, too blind to see, too deaf to hear,
Go forward ever in a lifelong fear;
Could they but speak in language we would know,
How simple should we find life's ebb and flow.

All day the waves along the sunlit shore
Call unto those whom earth can call no more;
All night the salt spray, flying overhead,
Gives echo to the voices of the dead.
All day, all night, the sea steals from the shore,
To build anew where no land stood before;
And even thus, as from the earth the sea
Steals from this life of ours Eternity.

LAUGHTER OR TEARS

AS the days go by and our wrinkles grow,
And our hair is touched with white,
Are we witty and smart or dull and slow,
As dwarfs remain, or to giants grow
In the worth of our wrong or right.

This is the greatest of all we learn
In the things we dream and do,
'Ere the wheel has slowed to its final turn,
And we reap the fruits that our years may earn
And the deeds we have done are few,
So few,
The good deeds done are few.

This is the wisdom of all the years,
The rapid and changeable, varying years,
Wherever we stray, at work and at play,
Laughter is better than tears,
Weak tears;
Laughter is better than tears.

And this you will know when your tale is told
And you've trodden the silent way,
You have had your measure of heat and cold,
Your pleasures and penalties manifold,
Your work and worry and play.

And it's all the worth of the way you toil,
And the will you bring to bear,
If you've garnered armfuls of goodly spoil,
Or scattered your wheat and spilt your oil
In the weakness of despair,
 Despair,
The sadness of despair.

Yet this is the wisdom of all the years,
The gathered experience of hastening years,
Wherever we stray, at work or at play,
Laughter is better than tears,
 Vain tears;
Laughter is better than tears.

THE HARVESTER

I AM the keeper of nations; I am the strength of
the world,

Feeding the famishing people wherever a
smoke-wreath is curled.

Useless were rifle and sabre, helpless were bayonet
and gun,

Did I not hum in the wheat-fields, did I not sing in
the sun,

Garnering grain for the people, sifting the chaff from
the wheat,

Reaping the spring-shower and sunlight that mil-
lions ahungered may eat.

I am the maker of nations, great are my wealth and
my power,

Gathering the gifts of the sunshine, making the most
of my hour.

Short is the time of my working, brief are the days
of my toil,

Lest comes the Storm King in anger claiming my
right as his spoil,

Lest comes the Fire King and sweep it back to its
mother, the earth,

Leaving the granaries empty, dumb in their sorrow
and dearth.

I am the hope of the nations, me-ward they look for
their fate,
Seeking of what I shall give them, watching me early
and late.
Mothers who want for their children, waiting for
wealth I will give,
Fathers who toil in the darkness, toiling that others
may live,
Monarch and merchant and toiler, all must be fed
from my store;
Ever the new lands shall know me, ever the call is
for more.

I am the herald of homesteads, rising where pioneers
died,
I am the founder of townships, flaunting their flags
in their pride,
I am the pillar of cities, proud of the deeds of their
dead,
These may become but a memory, still must the
people be fed;
I am the token of Empire, stretching from sea unto
sea.
You who would strengthen your people, widen this
world's work for me.

LIFE TRIUMPHANT

GRIM Death was walking up and down the street,
 He paced full slow, anon he stopped and
 stared,
Through wide-flung windows where the gaslights
 flared,
Or utter darkness was. His silent feet
Awoke no echo. As his glance they meet
 Men, maids and beauteous women, unprepared,
 Arise and follow him, their spirits bared,
And shivering like lost children in the sleet,
Close in cold corners crouched. Dawn, reckless
 Dawn
Tosses her rose-warm robe across the sky,
 Hiding the stars from Death's grim misery.
He pauses, shivers, fades of hope forlorn,
 Life trembles through the city like a sigh,
 And sings her song of joy exultingly.

DUMBARTON CASTLE

"**L**ET the deed show." He faced Dumbarton's height,

While others stood beside, and from below
Watched where in mockery the moon's wan glow
Made mystery of the rock with treacherous light.

"It canna be. Were you a goat you might."

He smiled reply, "But therein lies the foe.

A Scot and daunted thus? Let the deed show."
He climbed and Scotland claimed her own that night.

We, too, his sons, may have our heights to scale,
By half seen ways where Fate shall lead the way,

While many whisper doubtingly below
With scorn upon their lips. And we may fail,
But be it cypress wreath or crown of bay,
Rich glory or defeat, let the deed show.

LORD ROBERTS

A HERO gone; far down the hall of fame
Will ring the record of a noble life,
Serenely high, above all party strife,
In field and forum holding England's name
As that which must not know the breath of shame.
For God and Empire! Hark! the distant fife
Calls to the front where pain and death are rife,
And at the front the final summons came.
He gave his all for England. Britain sobs,
Kneeling beside the pageant of her woe,
The Empire gazes proudly through her tears,
"Roberts of Kandahar," or just plain "Bobs,"
Whichever it may be, manhood will know
His inspiration through all future years.

THE TEARS OF SPRING

THE lilies float adream, hushed are the hills,
The winds lie sleeping all along the lake,
Day draws to perfect noon, nor stay nor break
In her proud course. And ever as she wills
The wattlebloom, all drowsy sweetness, fills
Our souls with slumber, while the shadows take
A deeper meaning for an old love's sake;
Peace harbours here far from all human ills.
Slow on our ears the booming of a bee
Breaks with the lifting breeze, his golden thighs,
Tell tales of labour done and gathered spoil,
'Tis not for us this sordid drudgery;
Let us return to one another's eyes,
For Spring is weeping that we look on toil.

ARMAGEDDON

THE God of War is hungry. He will feed,
And every home will hear on every breeze
The howling of his all-devouring greed,
For now the working of a witless creed,
The sentimental nursing of disease
Has brought once virile nations to their knees,
And in the hour of dire, distressful need,
Nature has bade them drink unto the lees.
Now she awakes her teeming restless brood,
To swarm like ants upon her moving face
Wherever ship has ploughed or plough has
tilled,
Hunger-impelled, resistless, seeking food,
Full toll to take for all their past disgrace,
For Nature's laws must ever be fulfilled.

LIGHT HORSE

TREFOIL-BURR and blue-grass on the Western plain,

Where the myalls weep and ways are wide,
Mulga scrub and spinifex fed them further out,

Lucerne flats along the Hunter side,
Some are clean as Carbine, some are brumby bred,
Some are crossed a dozen different ways,
But the sunshine of Australia's in the life-blood of
them all,

And they're game as any breed the world can raise.

Scent of trampled herbage round the waterholes,

Carolling of magpies in the trees;
Racing through the coolibahs, wheeling in their
tracks,

Rearing round and fighting to the knees.
They have had their playtime. Came the days of
work,

Shells and shrapnel screaming through the night,
And the Southern Cross that watched them as they
trailed the long night tracks

Is half a world away and far from sight.

Sand that burns and stifles sucking at their hoofs

Saddles that give torture every stride,
Thirst and flies and bullets, hunger on ahead,

And curses from the men above who ride
Blood-spattered, broken, maimed and battle-worn,
Never one amongst them will give in,
For they know the hands that guide them, and they'll
see the business through
Till they fatten in the stables of Berlin.

THE MOTHER-CALL

THE old Queen calls the young Queen
 Across her leagues of sea,
 “Gather ye now my children
 And hasten unto me.
The wolves of war a-hungered
 Are howling at my gate.
Hasten ye now, my children,
 Lest your coming be too late.

“I who have known the tempest,
 And laughed with the laugh of scorn.
I who have fought and conquered
 ‘Ere ever my babes were born.
Turn to you now in my anguish,
 I, who am still a Queen.
Hasten ye now, my children,
 For those things that have been.

“The day of your choice is on you,
 What will you have of Fame?
Record of high endeavour,
 Or black eternal shame?
See how I turn and seek you,
 Daughters of mine own breast.
Hasten ye now, my children,
 Send me out of your best.

"I, who have never questioned
Aught ye desired to do,
I, who have never bargained,
Freely I turn to you.
Ye, who are still my children,
Hear ye your Mother's call;
Hasten ye now, my children,
Lest the old Queen-Mother fall."

THE ANSWER

SHE hath called. We give the answer
Out of the wind and wave
England hath called; her children
Rise in their right to save.
Island and sea and mainland,
Desert and mountain and plain,
Strong is the hand on the tiller,
Firm is the hand on the rein.

She hath spoken. Behold an Empire
Wakes from its days of ease,
Proudly the battleships ploughing
Challenge the startled seas;
Storms of the wide equator,
Blasts of the narrower North,
Balm of the scented southland
Swinging her legions forth.

She hath asked. We give the answer,
As ever her children will,
“We are thine offspring, Mother,
We are thy children still.
Bullet and sword and sabre,
Bayonet, pistol and shell,
How we have heard thee, England,
Victory alone will tell.

THE CHALLENGE

THE youngest of the nations,
A spacious far-flung land,
Beside the Ancient Kingdoms
Australia takes her stand.

Swift comes the haughty challenge,
“Those who take counsel here
Must stake their all in battle,
Draw sword, or disappear.”

Right proudly she gives answer,
“By mountain, sea and plain,
My sons have proved their breeding
Upon the fields of pain.”

The Ancient Kingdoms hear her;
To them the tale is old;
“Who wins by blood and battle,
By sacrifice must hold.

“You gave but of your plenty,
As gives a careless queen;
Go, search your heart in silence,
And give for what has been.

“This is the test of Nations;
They shall not fail at need;
The word that they have spoken
They shall make good in deed.”

WHEN ENGLAND CALLS

FROM sunrise unto sunrise around the changing world,

The banners of her Empire forever float unfurled,

By oak and fir and palm-tree, by apple and by vine,
By orange-grove and plantain, where dark the creepers twine,

Where low the mists lie clinging, where high the hill-tops tower,

Where blows the mountain daisy or dreams the passion-flower,

Where croons the tropic atoll or shrieks the shivering north,

Flame-eyed, stern-browed, with lips of steel her warriors come forth,

For now by isle and ocean, by mist and mountain height,

Has passed the ancient battle cry, "Come forth! Defend the right!"

The South took up the challenge, from far-flung fields and runs;

She heard the answering coo-ee of all her hardy sons.
With ready, careless laughter and reckless, lurid words,

They left their teams unharnessed, they left their flocks and herds.

The stock-yards stand in silence, the stirrups, red
with rust,
Seem tinged with faint reflection from where the
battle-lust
Has seized the wild bush-riders, the men who know
no fear,
Who send their message homewards, "Old Pal, you
should be here.
We want some more to back us; there's real man's
work to do;
Tell all the boys it's splendid, and send along a few;
We've had a glorious scrimmage; the devils, how
they ran!
You should have seen old Charlie die. By God, he
died a man!"

Where dark-skinned warriors nobly showed white
men how to die,
Where old-world culture strengthens beneath a
southern sky,
Her valleys filled with sunshine, the land of hill and
lake,
Calm-eyed has turned her northward the Mother's
word to take.
By rapid, snow-fed river, by rock and scarred ravine,
She cradles her a nation, this snow-crowned, sun-
kissed queen,
Fit breeding place for heroes, where England
breathes anew,
With more than olden beauty beneath a sky more
blue,
She, too, has answered clearly at calling of the guns,
"I send thee of my daughters, I give thee of my
sons.
Where duty calls I follow, and they will stand for
me.
When thou hast spoken, Motherland, we pledge our
all to thee."

The Queen of Snows gave answer, "The maple leaf
has stirred,
Thy ever-ready daughter has caught the Mother's
word.
My sons of the two nations the tyrant heel would
crush,
Will take their place beside thee to stay the battle-
rush.
The ice-packs on my rivers, my forests grim, wide-
spread,
Have taught my sons as heroes to look upon their
dead;
My endless empty spaces, the white north's biting
tooth,
The blizzard and the snowstorm have tested them in
youth.
They know the worth of honour, they love the ways
of men;
They who have fought with Nature, shall they be
wanting when
The call has come to manhood? No better men there
be,
Now, we have heard the Empire-Call, I give them
all to thee."

The jewelled land and ancient where millions spawn
and die,
Has wakened from her dreaming, has harkened to
the cry.
Her stealthy sons and silent rise in their myriad
swarm,
Though still the soul and passive the warrior blood
is warm,
And once again it surges through stirring heart and
brain;
She who is old in battle will taste of blood again.
Her rich, barbaric jewels, her rubies and her gold,
Her spices and her silver, her people manifold,

Her princes and her coolies, from every throne and seat
She gathers up her treasures and lays them at thy feet,
For thou hast stood for justice, "Land of the Great White Queen,
We fight with thee for what may be and those things that have been."

The youngest of the daughters, her traitor sons laid low,
Looks out across the distance and hears the bugle blow.
Far-sighted still she sees them out on the wide karoo,
Those mounds not yet blown level, they were so lately new.
"Who should have died as brothers to hold the white man's land,"
She sighs, "and these, in blindness, died at each other's hand.
Their blood has bound a nation as only blood can bind
That men may see the future with clearer eye and mind.
Now in the name of freedom, so dear to those who sleep
By velt and drift and kopje, and on the mountain steep,
We, too, shall stand beside thee." Now she has thus replied,
Thy daughters all have answered, and the answer is world-wide.

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND

THE War of Seven Nations
And half-a-hundred seas
Is calling up the standards
To take the battle-breeze.
And there the flag of England,
Torn, tattered to a shred,
Floats high and still triumphant
Above the piles of dead.

And lo, around, beside her,
Above the crimson flood,
Rise new-born standards seeking
Their baptism of blood.
What flags are these? Her children's
Storm swept from far and near,
And each one bears her features
With emblems new and dear.

Thus, in her day of trial,
In this her hour of need,
Has England heard the answer
Of all her far-flung breed.
In honour of our fathers
(The men who blazed the track),
The stars of young Australia
Beside the Union Jack.

population

THE TEST

WE have heard the call of the Empire, we have
seen the lure of the flag,

But here we have something greater than
even the grand old rag.

For men may fall in their millions, women and
children wail,

But the march of the people's freedom must never
be known to fail.

The flag of the people's freedom floats over the fields
of death,

And surely a freeborn people will fight to the last
hot breath.

Surely the blood of the fighter runs in Australia's
veins,

From the waves of her sparkling seaboard to the
dust of her sun-scorched plains.

Why should you skulk in the city? Why should
you hide in the street?

You who were made for the army, you who were
bred for the fleet?

Is it that you have slumbered, that you have not
heard the cry

Of the women and children wailing? Or listened
and let go by?

Is it that you are fearful of the bayonet's stabbing
bite?

Is it that you are shrinking from shells that shriek
in the night?

Shells that shriek in their triumph through bodies
bloody and torn
Does the shock of the shrapnel scare you? Better
you never were born.

Those who are God's true mothers, those who are
worthy wives,
Think you they value their honour, or only your
sloth-stained lives?
Will she who is worth the winning, she who is yet
to be won,
Take to her maiden bosom one who has turned
from a gun?
Can they not hear their sisters, and babes who wail
in their woe,
Shrieking for men's assistance? And yet you have
failed to go!
Think you that they can love you, men who have
failed at need?
Could they be proud of the children born of such
skulking breed?

For those on the field of slaughter, those on the
watchful seas,
Mothers, and wives, and sweethearts, pray on their
bended knees.
Who fight for the people's freedom, with bayonet,
plough, or pen,
Those they will hold as heroes, these they will know
as men.
Laggards in love and wartime, down on your knees
and pray
For courage and manly vigour to fight as a fighter
may.
For these are the things that matter, the only things
that can,
Women, and war, and freedom, and courage to be a
man.

WE OF THE BLOOD

WE are the Children of the Storm,
Of Britain and the Sea.
Through stress and struggle came our life,
So found we Liberty.
We hear a wildly driven cry,
A voice of terror passing by;
We cannot rest, for storms are nigh—
Where these are we must be.

Rise! Rise ye to the summons,
It is the Saga's call!
We of the ancient lineage
For this must pledge our all.
The flare of war is in the skies,
Ye sons of rovers, swiftly rise,
Adown the wind send answering cries,
And fight whate'er befall.

The stormy ocean waits us.
What is there then can hold?
We shall go forth and claim anew
Our heritage of old.
For Hengist, Frobisher, and Drak^t
For Raleigh and for Nelson's sake,
We children of the sea awake
And once again are bold.

The world is filled with sword and flame
And haunting cries of woe;
We, who are born of viking blood,
We must arise and go;
It is our glory and our right,
Whose sires came forth from out the night,
Their faces set towards the light,
Where Freedom's banners blow.

This is our birthright and our pride,
That we shall right the wrong;
That justice shall be done at last,
Though might may triumph long;
That we as men shall ever seek
To shield the fallen and the meek,
To stay the tyrant, save the weak—
For this God made us strong.

MARCHING SONG

LEFT! Left! Left!

For sweethearts, mothers, and wives,
We'll take our stand in the bloodstained trench
And fight for our children's lives;
For children maimed and for women shamed,
For the innocents who have bled,
For the soldiers fallen along the way
And mangled 'ere they were dead.

Chorus:

LEFT! Left! Left!

We're marching for the front.
We're out to do the proper thing
Where the bayonets bite and the bullets sting,
And brave men bear the brunt.
March! March! March!
Though your feet are stiff and sore,
For this is the song the bugles sing,
And this is the word the roadways ring:
War! War! War!

LEFT! Left! Left!

With the dangers all ahead,
We'll win our way to the Kaiser's throne
Over his Uhlans dead.
We're out to show Australia's sons
Are made of proper stuff;
However good the old men were,
The young are just as tough.

LEFT! Left! Left!
To turn for home again,
Those who have won to victory,
And paid for it in pain;
Those who have quit themselves like men,
And won to lasting fame;
Those who will leave to their grateful sons
An ever-honoured name.

THE FALLEN

FROM office and from counting-house, from
testing-room and bench,
From University and school they went to man
the trench.

From cricket pitch and tennis lawn, from driving
at the goal,
From where the silken jackets gleam, from where
the breakers roll,
From sweat and dust of drafting yards, from pad-
docks wide and free,
Where many days the bit-rings chimed, they joined
the company,
They heard the call, and answered it, as strong men
ever will;
They answered each with ready voice—a voice that
now is still.

The lordly mansion knows its grief, the backyard
tenement
Is shedding scalding tears for those whom bravely
they have sent.
The spacious street, the narrow way, the garden, and
the lane,
The open spaces of the west are sisters in their pain;
And we, who watched them march away, who saw
our brothers go,
Are suffering with their kith and kin, and weeping
with their woe,

In sorrow for Australia's sons, who for Australia
died,
In fullest joy of youth and strength and all a strong
man's pride.

For those whose hands were grasped and held in
friendship's manly grip,
With deep affection in the eye, and laughter on the
lip;
For those we often played beside, where rocks the
roaring crowd,
The men who never failed to score whenever chance
allowed;
For those who studied through the night to take the
best degree,
And now have laid their learning down on grim
Gallipoli;
For those who pulled the strongest oar, where salt the
water flows,
In victory or in defeat; and yet again for those

The boys who dreamed, as horsemen will, across
the sun-scorched plains,
The saddle loose betwixt their knees, their hands
upon the reins,
The men who saw the sun go down, and watched
the Queen of Night
Shed glorious o'er the listening gums her still and
peaceful light,
They're lying now upon the hills of yon Gallipoli,
Cold hands that could not hold the reins, glazed eyes
that cannot see;
The soft winds still breathe over them, the night
winds that they know,
And gently whisper as they did far off and long ago.

'Twas not for glory that they died; they heard the
children's wail,
They heard the maidens' maddened cries: they heard
and could not fail.
O Night Winds! Tell those mates of ours, as you
alone can tell,
That we, who still can hold the reins, will fight for
those who fell,
That we who still may have the strength to tread the
path they trod,
Shall hold the heritage they left as sacred before God;
Shall be as men to shield the weak, with this, our
battle cry,
"For those we love, for those who fell, and for the
flag we'll die."

ATONEMENT

LORD God of strife and battle,
To whom the years are nought
With what of tears and sorrow
Shall peace again be bought?
Ten thousand stricken women,
Mother, wife and maid.
When will Thy word be spoken?
When will the price be paid?

Lord God of strife and battle,
Speak, for Thy children hear.
Thou know'st whate'er befall us,
Thy hand alone we fear.
Ten thousand suffering women,
Blind with blood and tears,
Lord God be Thou beside them,
And shield them in their fears.

Lord God of strife and battle,
Our mothers taught Thy word;
Now we, their careless children,
Have hearkened and have heard.
Ten thousand captive women,
Beaten, broken, shamed,
When will Thy word be spoken?
When Thy full debt be claimed?

Lord God of strife and battle,
And Lord of lasting peace,
What needs for our atonement
To bring to these release?
Ten thousand stricken women,
Mother, wife, and maid?
When will Thy word be spoken?
When will Thy hand be stayed?

THE WINNOWING

THE new-crowned Queen looked out across the
seas,
Her tresses fanned by springtime's scented
breeze,
Her shell-pink feet upon the golden sands,
A rainbow-tinted hourglass in her hands.

So proud, so beautiful and yet unwed
Shall she adorn a savage conqueror's bed?
Shall she be shamed? In war men's ways are wild,
And beauty undefended is defiled.

A whisper creeping 'midst the listening throng,
Like some false measure breathing through a song,
Catches her ear and tarnishes her pride
"The breath of doubt! My people will divide."

"Those who hate England with such bitter hate
As blurs all judgment, those who fear their fate:
Those who would creep as menials through life
Rather than win as men their way through strife.

"Who, petulant, beside the roadway lie
And watch the busy stream of life go by;
To whose glazed eyes a dragon fly anear
Is greater than an eagle, high and clear.

"Those, for such be, I call not, these I call
Who for my honor would lay down their all,
Who see their duty, in whose hearts there lives
Something of thanks for all that England gives.

"Who now will keep my shores inviolate,
And stay the murderer 'ere it be too late?
Life, treasure, all I claim, swiftly decide
Who hesitates? My people will divide!"

SHALL SHE BE SHAMED?

HER hair a golden halo: in her eyes
Still soft with slumber, wonder, and amaze,
Seeing men stand at parting of the ways
With words of question. And a swift surprise
Shadows those orbs, blue as her noonday skies,
To see those things that meet her steadfast gaze,
To hear Death's rattle in the throat of Praise;
See Shame come creeping after High Emprise.

How shall we answer? Being answered, then
Honour or shame shall be her lasting meed;
Youth's golden Empress through the world acclaimed,
Or but a byword in the mouths of men
As one who promised much, but failed at need,
Australia waits; our Queen! Shall she be shamed?

UNTO SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN

SHADOW of doubt and agony of shame,
These are her portion ; she who stood so fair,
And sang beside the sea, so debonair,
So joyous in her youth, so marked for fame,
The world would woo her. Suddenly there came
The day of deeds. She who had known no care
Shrank, wrung her hands, and creeping in despair,
Sought refuge from the glory of her name.
Again she stands, again looks o'er the sea,
Not as she was all golden in her youth,
But scarred with knowledge; honour, dutiful,
May still uplift her, still may keep her free
If of true beauty she can yet show proof,
She who so lately was so beautiful.

AUSTRALIA'S SHAME

HER queenly sorrow. Glorious and fair
She looked upon a future rich with grace,
Her fields and mines were raising her a race
The world would wonder at. The trumpets' blare
Swept her wide spaces, searching everywhere
The hearts of men; in one brief breathing space
Came swift reply from every far-flung place,
The only answer sons of hers could spare.
“For those who have not answered it must be
They have not heard the cry of distant pain,
For where no trouble is men's courage sleeps.
I shall arise and plead with them again,”
She said. They heed her not, and brokenly
She bows her head on bended arms and weeps.

BETRAYED

THE moon rode high and splendid
Above the silent plain,
Where lean brown bushmen slowly
Were riding home again,
When from his hour of silence
Looked up Galathera Joe.
He sighed, "We said we'd back them,
And now we answered 'No.'

We sent them off with cheering,
We promised them our aid;
Our pledged word we have broken,
Our fellows we've betrayed."
More quick than ever echo
The White-Bush-Soul has heard
The whole wide night was whispering
That one grim, fatal word.

High standing in his stirrups
Joe looked across the plain,
And answered to that whisper
Like one in mortal pain.
As withered leaves the horsemen,
Dry-throated and wild-eyed,
Beside their mounts fell stricken,
And muttering madly, died.

So must it be, when bushmen
 Have failed to keep their word,
 By hill and plain and valley
 That wild cry still is heard.
 Men's hearts will turn to water
 Who never were afraid,
 Shrink unto death to hear it,
 The Banshee cry "Betrayed!"

Here Comes a Soldier

Bare of lead here comes a soldier
 Who has bounded in the fray;
 Grip his hand & bid him welcome
 Do him honor while you may.

Bare of lead here comes a soldier
 Who fought up lone to save
 Let him know how much you owe
 And his comrade in the grave.

Bare of lead here comes a soldier,
 Who breyca his country's call.
 Battle born is he & weary;
He has claim upon us all.

Bare of lead here comes a soldier,
 Give him now the best you can,
 He has won it in the trenches —
He is every such a man.

Bare of lead here comes a soldier
 Who has toilcs but courage given
 Through the steel with out a murmur
Nothing is too good for him.

OUR CADETS

WE are marching for the future,
With an eager step and strong,
And within us youth is ringing clear
Her loud and joyous song.
We are marching for the future,
With a single battle-cry:
To defend against aggression,
To defend and not defy.

With the far blue sky above us,
With the dear old flag we know,
That has ever stood for freedom,
That has braved all winds that blow;
We are marching for the future,
With a single battle-cry:
To defend against aggression,
To defend and not defy.

With the Empire all before us,
With her history behind,
Lo! our work is plainly written:
Not to conquer, but to bind.
We are marching for the future,
With a single battle-cry:
To defend against aggression,
To defend and not defy.

We are marching for the future,
Knowing neither hate nor fear,
To defend our homes and mothers,
And the honour we hold dear.

We are marching for the future
With a single battle-cry:
To defend against aggression,
To defend and not defy.

AUSTRALIA, PLAY THE GAME !

WITH death and danger dogging them,
Our fathers blazed the track;
On thirst or hunger, flood or fire,
They never turned their back.
They gave us thus our heritage,
They left us thus their name,
And, leaving, wrote for us the words:
Australia, play the game !

Dear bought by centuries of strife,
The freedom that is ours,
In courage and in brotherhood
Roots, flourishes and flowers.
For this shall we be men indeed,
Where hangs no head in shame,
Where hope holds out her hand to all.
Australia, play the game !

With swift response and ready strength,
We'll keep the old flag high
For those who fight and fall for us
Beneath a distant sky,
Who, torn and maimed, and blind with blood.
Remembering whence they came,
Are calling back across the seas,
“Australia, play the game !”

Out where the bursting shrapnel slays,
 And there is real man's work,
 Where bayonets are dripping blood,
 With tossing out the Turk,
 The roadway lies before us plain:
 The open road to fame:
 Our manhood bids us follow it—
 Australia, play the game!

The Warden

By Ella M. Fadyen.

Can you hear them calling in the night - the
 lonely spaces, midnights, at the breaking
 of the day?
 Can you see them passing in the dark, with
 covered faces - those that strike but strongly, & have
 said their lives away?
 Doubt you hear them bleeding, as I heard
 them bleed: over
 Ring through the quiet or the whisper of the
 rain,
 Thus we waited, we were faint but in
 the darkness.
 He lies unfinished - will ye make the dead
 in vain -
 "Wives we left and sweet hearts,
 gentle sisters, loving brothers,

A Luscious Pudding.

Take about seventeen army biscuits and let them soak in three pints of water (Leave them in a flat dish) When thoroughly soaked put jam & raisins between (marmalade for preference.) Put it in the oven with a slow fire for about twenty minutes when cooked serve with custard sauce and jelly. I think you have enjoyed anything better in your life before..

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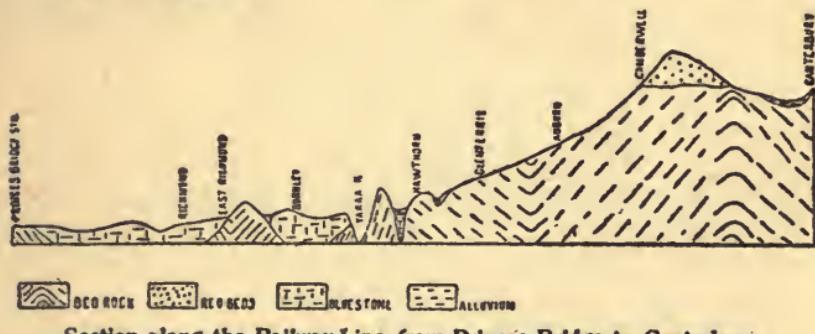
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